

Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 10, 1979

75¢



THE FIRST 100 DAYS

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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**Bloody
Ireland**



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Lévesque wears out his welcome while Ryan clears a path to the door



Ryan journalists knock to Liberal red

It is only a little thing, but it shows how much the Parti Québécois government has worn out its welcome a year after its white paper on cultural development promised to improve daily newspaper distribution in the province, the government's own passenger ferry service between Quebec City and Lévis has withdrawn its shipboard newswire. Now, instead of the *Le Montreal* and Quebec City dailies once offered to commuting civil servants during the 15-minute ride across the St. Lawrence, the only read available is *Le Journal de Québec*, a paper talked about with disdain and bores. Virtually every other area touched on by the comprehensive cultural scheme drawn up by psychiatrist and Cultural Development Minister Candide Laurin still seems equally unappreciated by his blueprint for a new Quebec.

Laurin is not alone in his impotence. Other Quebec ministers are seeing their orders ignored or rebuffed. Transport Minister Lucien Lévesque has become a laughingstock since his transparent announcement last winter that the government would take over from the vendors by officially offering the hated wheel error from stop signs. Public indifference forced suspension of the decision

and now even the midnight abortion bombings seem to have lost interest in the matter. More seriously, doctors and hospitals are defying the government's order that they convert abortion clinics, and its one-headed determination to take over US-owned Alcan Aluminum Corporation has become a tired whisper as the cabinet cringes at the prospect of using its power to expropriate the company. Quebecers of distinction within the caucus are another unmistakable symptom of a government whose legitimacy has expired. What Premier René Lévesque needs now is not a referendum but a vote of confidence from the electorate.

But even more cabinet ministers previously concede that Quebecers are likely to refuse the PQ both a referendum mandate to negotiate "sovereignty-association" with English Canada and a second term in power. The order of ministerial descent is so pervasive that the governing party is unable to come up with attractive candidates for important November by-elections. In the riding vacated by federal Social Credit leader, Fabrice Roy, the PQ's official candidate is a marble-scorched infamously named Raymond Bouchart who, when he manages to put together a coherent sentence, embarrasses the party with puns such as his avowed ignorance of the meaning of sovereignty-association and his expressed preference for Quebec's special status within Confederation.

Another significant sign of political sclerosis is the defection of many of the journalists who joined members' staffs in the euphoric early days of the administration. Attempts to recruit replacements have failed and reporters once rebuffed for their too-zealous homophobia with the PQ government are now hawking street-lane stags about Claude Ryan's Liberals. What went wrong?

The worst error was throwing away the only cause that rallies all French Quebecers: their language. By dramatically making French the only official language of Quebec, to the point of banning the English signs and advertising that failed native-born anglos, Lévesque's government foolishly demobilized its own supporters and left him with the burden of arguing for Quebec's economic or economic issues—issues that never fed back.

The other fundamental strategic blunder was the attempt to sell sovereignty under the cover of sovereignty-

association, a slogan that promises the order of both worlds: a smaller country without economic independence. Since it scuttled the language issue, Lévesque's government has not managed to offer Quebecers a single convincing reason to quit Canada.

Meanwhile, Ryan has switched the color of his ever-present notebook from journalist's black to Liberal party red. This—along with his new staff at reversing policies without admitting as much—marks his final transition from self-righteous official to pragmatic politician. Firmly in charge of his reintegrated party, Ryan now finds that early critics are being forgotten. But his streak of egotism still shows after his last caucus meeting, Ryan proudly announced to reporters that English-speaking National Assembly member and former Montreal Alouette locker George Springate was the only traitor. Then, letting loose his raucous laugh, the party chief declared that Springate—a voracious and intemperate defender of English-language rights—would be assigned a particularly appropriate but unimportant responsibility: Opposition critic for telephone sports institutions.

David Thomson

Lévesque, promised, reduced to pulp



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Jeté into the big time



By David McQuinn

Covered Gardens is Alexander Grant's home turf. For 30 years, the New Zealand-born Grant was the tap character dancer with the Royal Ballet. When he took over the helm of Canada's National Ballet three years ago, one of his goals was to take the new company back to The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. "The dance world is international," he says, "and you have to go to the places in the world where you can be seen and measured. The dancers need that challenge to grow. We've got to show our face to the world." And so it was with parental pride that Grant took the National Ballet back home last month.

In the dress, ensemble, positively Dickensian dressing rooms and subterranean hallways, nervous ballet dancers trembled up, donned elaborate costumes and applied their makeup. For Frank Augustyn, dancing the role of the prince, there was the worry of further damaging an injured foot. Even though

the National Ballet had danced there twice on countless occasions this was a special night, and the atmosphere was tense. In a few minutes they would be performing on one of the most prestigious stages in the world. In the audience waited luminaries from the British dance world, the tough brigade of London ballet critics, leaders of Canada's cultural business and governmental community in British Arts, to top off this gala opening, Princess Margaret occupied a flower-bedecked special box. Then the lights dimmed, and the most important test for Canada's 28-year-old classical ballet company began.

Not that it hadn't passed tough tests before—you don't just book into Covent Garden. Performing there is considered a rare privilege, and foreign companies appear in the gilded Victoria opera house by invitation only. Until the National Ballet of Canada performed there for a week-long season last month, no Canadian company had ever been handed such an invitation. "Yes, we're

Augustyn, Kain, Princess Margaret (above) and a rehearsal on Covent Garden stage. Artistic director Alexander Grant is at the top of the page.



Photo: Gary HOLTZ, GLOBE PHOTOS

all really excited about it and a bit nervous," said star ballerina Karen Kain. "It's such a legendary place to work." But in a sense the invitation was a question, as a country without strong ballet traditions spring a company to set beside the best of them? Alexander Grant, artistic director of the National, wanted to prove that it could.

The London visit, planners hoped, would strengthen the National's image in Canada as well as abroad. At a time when the arts are faced with penny-pinching patrons—governments at all levels—the trip may help the National survive Ottawa's belt-tightening. There have been numerous rumblings from lawmakers to the effect that the country might be better off without the huge expense of three major dance companies. For the other two companies in particular, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, the answer was poor. The Royal Winnipeg almost died last winter from financial and administrative problems, while Les Grands Ballets Canadiens has been under political fire from the Quebec government.

With its commitment to extensive overseas touring, its association with Rudolf Nureyev, the international reputation it has earned with appearances at places such as New York's Metropolitan Opera House and its cluster of dancers recognized throughout the ballet world, the National Ballet's support from the outside to have a season here. But within the company, not all is blood—at least at the level of morale. On the day that Alexander Grant was planning to leave for London, the troupe suffered two blows. First Nureyev, who has often performed with the company,

told the Toronto Star that the National Ballet was becoming artistically conservative and spent too much "whispering around the provinces." Then came the resignation of Ann Ditchburn. A character dancer and choreographer (her *Mad Shakes* was the only original Canadian work to be choreographed in the London troupe), married movie actress (Gina Lollobrigida in *The Big City*), Ditchburn said she would leave after the London trip because the company's morale was "extremely low," and because she no longer believed in the artistic direction the ballet was taking. Her comments put an added strain on the company, which hoped that this criticism would be offset by the barrage of publicity generated at Covent Garden.

Before the company arrived in England, London's stable Canadian community had already rolled out the red carpet for the visit—after all, it was the most extensive Canadian cultural display ever seen in the city. The resident Canadians were organized by a wealthy Ottawa native, Belle Sherlock, who has lived in England for more than a decade. The indefatigable Sherlockman spent more than a year hunting corporate sponsors, laying out parties in her lavish Knightsbridge apartment check-full of Redwood sculptures, and making sure the tickets were sold. "I believe in this so much, I wanted it to be the most successful, unimpaired event which could really do the company proud," she said after the ballet arrived. Many prominent London socialites eventually put the National Ballet's appearances on their calendars, and programs were laid on after such performances. Bailed Princess Margaret, there were Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed and External Affairs Minister Flora MacDonald, on her return from Zurich, among the notables who attended. The BBC added to the publicity by showing a film about Karen Kain (when the British press dubbed "Canada's Sweetheart"), and the tickets were all sold before the company arrived.

The gala opening was splendid—off the stage. The opera house overflowed with flowers, there was champagne, caviar and smoked salmon after the performance, where Princess Margaret had such a good time she stayed at the party for nearly four hours and dined most of a bottle of scotch. But the performance of *Swan Lake* was shaky. The dancers suffered from jet lag; there was no time for a dress rehearsal at the Covent Garden stage and the orchestra seemed in contact of some music trouble. Nervous tension and technical problems plagued the company at the

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Frontlines

beginning of the week, and August's foot worsened until he finally had to bow out. When *Le Folio* and *Gardie* opened two nights after Swiss Lake, the performance was riddled with accident-prone, fell apart and costumes disintegrated.

And although the company rapidly regained its confidence and poise by the week's end, the British critics were there at the beginning, and many drew out the knives. The surviving job ran to championships that the *National* Ballet was merely a stiff, cloned version of the Royal Ballet, a poor provincial company playing in the wrong league. Some critics complained that more original Canadian ballets were not displayed. Wrote the *London Evening Free Press* reviewer, Nicholas Drummond of the *Sunday Telegraph*: "The Canadian soldiers rise as dancers above the mellees... The Canadians still seem a company without its own personality. Its own artistic soul, because it has an unjust choreographer of its own, showing off its own dancers in its own works, made for them. It develops itself in other people's ideas, and is almost entirely secondhand—and it shows."

There seemed little doubt that the strong malodour of *Mad Shakespear*, adapted from a Marie-Claire Blais novel, seemed grossly to punish both critics and audiences. But there were happier notes: "Canada's National Ballet is as reasonable able to sustain a fine work with home," one critic wrote, while another said that "a freshness of style is characteristic of this company." For Alexander Grant and company the best barometer was the audience response. "They were very happy with us," he said. "We all seemed a great deal of warmth and enthusiasm."

In Canada the daily press and broadcasters reported the tour (and often overemphasized the negative reviews), for a week the *National* Ballet made the news. But the effect of the trip promises to live longer. Hugh Davidson, cultural affairs officer at Canada House, said: "People in England don't expect such sophisticated art from Canada. The ballet's visit helps Canada to be taken seriously. It shows that we are interesting, talented, with real talent and something to say." London balletomanes, such as socialite Betty Kent, seemed to agree: "I used to think of Canada as nothing more than Niagara Falls and a lot of forest," she said. "It is refreshing to see that you have a young company like this extent in mastering the classical, with discipline and skill. I sense they're still in an embryonic state, but with a great amount of promise, which is very encouraging."



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Kissinger at SAIT in Washington. Born in his father's house on the planet Krypton

Emperor Henry's court

by William Lowther

Henry Kissinger was showing off, which is one of the things he does best. Hands in pockets, the former secretary of state rolled back and forth on his feet and the Germanic monitions drowned on to the heel-tae, heel-tae beat. He was the star speaker (how could he ever be less?) at an exclusive dinner given earlier this summer by the Washington press corps. Now, he was telling the story of his life. "I was born in the house that my father built... (heel-tae, heel-tae, pause)... on the planet Krypton."

Super-K. There is not another off-power businessman in the world today who could get away with a line like that. Brilliant and boldface, internationally

prestigious and cosmopolitan influential, he continues to swirl the globe pushing his own brand of foreign policy. More than 20 years after he left the state department, kings and shahs, presidents and prime ministers still seek his counsel. He is the highest paid (\$25,000 a shot) and most-in-demand public speaker in America. And last week he was addressing NATO's 20th anniversary conference in Brussels, influencing the policies of major nations, persuading, cajoling and no-doubt captivating foreign leaders—most of whom fall over themselves to shake his hand.

It borders on the incredible that Kissinger, 55, who represents to no one but himself, should command such mighty attention. Especially since his detractors and critics claim that he has told as many lies as Richard Nixon and committed war crimes on the scale of less the Terrible. His secret has been, as it always was, to somehow balance on both sides of any argument. He has, for example, developed a close, if often tenuous, relationship with the Carter administration, while at the same time remaining the

chief unofficial foreign policy spokesman for the Republicans. In so doing, he has made himself appear to be above politics, a statesman too big for party alliances.

As the 1980 presidential election nears, however, Kissinger's career is likely to take a new turn. Should the senior senator from New York, Jacob Javits, decide not to stand again (he is in his 76s) then Kissinger might run for the seat to gain a power base in Capitol Hill. Or he may court the leading Republican presidential candidate and offer himself as foreign policy advisor. Or, unlikely, he may take a small chance of being secretary of state again—something he would dearly love.

In fact, there is only one job he wants more than the state department, and that is simply not available to him. Under the U.S. Constitution one must be born in the United States to run for president. "Of course, if the people insisted, I could become emperor—there's nothing in the constitution to stop that," he deadpans.

Yet the speculation would not come from all sides. Recently, for example, his vast reputation has been taking a beating from a book written by respected British journalist William Shawcross. 31-year-old son of Sir Hartley Shawcross, the lawyer who represented Britain at the Nuremberg trials, *Shakespeare Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia* is based on 20,000 pages of information gathered from the U.S. government under the President's Information Act. According to the book, Kissinger and Nixon conspired to falsify reports of the American bombing of Cambodia. Because he is deeply pushed for the illegal and illogical bombing, Kissinger is said to be responsible for the deaths of thousands of innocent civilians. Not long ago, a Carter White House aide, who was in the U.S. embassy in Hanoi at the time of the bombing, told Shawcross: "If there is any justice at all Henry Kissinger will spend an eternity roasting in hell."

And Shawcross now says: "I think it is extraordinary that the American public has so strongly divorced Kissinger from Nixon. Nixon is the bad guy who is responsible for Cambodia and Watergate, but Kissinger is the brilliant statesman who somehow was unfortunately associated with Nixon but who, nevertheless, still remains pure. It just isn't true. They are two peas from the same pod."

There have been other sinister allegations recently. Columnist Jack Ander-

PORTRAIT

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sen has been letting that some of the foreign leaders Kissinger helped—most notably the Shah of Iran—were recruited to do business with the Chase Manhattan Bank, which is controlled by the Rockefeller family. Kissinger is a Rockefeller protégé; he owes the family much. Both Senator Daniel Moynihan, former ambassador to the United Nations, and former Nixon speech writer William Safire (now a *New York Times* columnist) say they have evidence that Kissinger told parts of his wife in the government. Safire has also accused Kissinger of being involved in the wiretapping of some of his best friends, and then "constantly lying about it." Kissinger brushes such criticisms off by labelling them "totally unfounded, twisted and warped for political purposes." The first volume of his memoirs—due next month—is expected to reject the charges in detail.

In person, Kissinger's fair, passable and style seem to go a long way toward dispelling the clouds of suspicion which darkened his department in government. Long before he arrived to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the Strategic Arms Limitations Treaty last month, the hearing room was jammed with tourists and sightseers. Many waited two hours or more just to glimpse him. Every visitor questioned by Moynihan's staff was told that he was the president, and Senator Alan Cranston, the Democrat from California, even said "Good morning, your Excellency!"

In his hours of testimony, Kissinger gave the committee his guarded approval of the treaty. It was, he said, "the best deal that the U.S. agreed to increase its forces to match Soviet might and like the treaty with conditions to stop Moscow from expanding its influence in other countries."

Some historians now believe that Kissinger's most important role as secretary of state was to personally American policy and strength during the disintegration of the Nixon presidency and the establishment of the Ford period. As *The New York Times* put it, "He held off the Russians during Watergate. Kissinger saw his own greatest contributions to foreign policy in the détente with Russia, including the first and so far the only strategic arms agreement between the two superpowers, the new friendship with China and the creation of a triangular balance of power, the de-militarization and ultimately the end of the American involvement in Indochina, and the beginning of Middle East peace talks after the 1973 war."

In many ways the achievements remain remarkable, although Vietnam is



Kissinger, Elizabeth Taylor-Winter's
Gerald with a viper's tongue in private

still seen by American liberals as a Kissinger stain—a moral gash—that as much of waterwashed can ever. It worries him greatly and friends say that he begins to look older, instantly tired, when the subject comes up. "The basic problem was that we came into office and we found 550,000 Americans in combat 10,000 miles away—in a war that had already taken over 30,000 lives. From the first day, we attempted to disengage from the war. We withdrew troops unilaterally. We made proposals after proposal. The one proposal we would not accept is that we would install a Communist government on the territory of an ally. That was the one irreducible demand. The fate of the people of Indochina under Communist rule suggests that those who tried to prevent that from happening were not guided by some spooky purpose."

Henry Kissinger arrived in New York in 1958, a penniless, 35-year-old refugee from Nazi Germany. Today he is on his way to becoming a multimillionaire. His memoirs are expected to earn him \$5 million. He makes about 10 paid speeches a year for an estimated \$150,000. He holds academic positions at a university and a think tank. He is a consultant to several companies, and he keeps strong ties with the Rockefeller family, serving as adviser and host to some of their top international business clients.

He divides his time between the house in Washington's exclusive Georgetown district, where he lives with his wife Nancy, and a four-bed-

room Manhattan apartment they own overlooking the East River. Two of the bedrooms are reserved for the visits of Kissinger's son and daughter by his first marriage.

For the moment, Kissinger's main worry is an upcoming decision by the Supreme Court on whether or not he owns the transcripts of his phone conversations from the eight years he spent between the White House (as national security adviser) and the state department. He claims they are personal documents, while the federal government says they belong to the archives, where they would be publicly property. A few of the transcripts have already leaked, and it's obvious that they would be extremely embarrassing for him. The perfect diplomat and negotiator during official sessions, he had a viper's tongue in what he thought were private conversations. For example, it's known that Kissinger told Nixon to his face that he thought he was "very clever," then behind his back he would gossip about Nixon's instability, his loneliness and his "mentally tired." It's all in the transcripts, along with much more private conversation about Cuba and Carthage and the Middle East.

In one talk, with Shirley Temple Black, the former child movie star who became ambassador to Ghana, he was discussing a trip to Africa. "Come as the Earl of April," Black urged. "It's my birthday!"

"You are a Taurus," noted Kissinger. "That's why I'm so pushy," she replied. "I am a Gemini," said Kissinger. "That means I am two-faced." ☐

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- 1972 Jerry Schmitt, Hamilton
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- 1970 Willie Bennett, Calgary
- 1969 Tom Whalen, Edmonton
- 1968 George Horne, Edmonton
- 1967 George Horne, Hamilton
- 1966 Don Jones, Winnipeg
- 1965 Don Laidlaw, Saskatchewan
- 1964 Don Laidlaw, Saskatchewan
- 1963 Bill Bennett, Toronto
- 1962 Peter Liska, Calgary
- 1961 Sam Jackson, Ottawa
- 1960 George Horne, Saskatchewan
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MOST OUTSTANDING LINEBACKER

- 1973 Ray Wiggins, B.C.
- 1972 John Holm, C.F.
- 1971 Wayne Harris, Calgary
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- 1969 John Holm, C.F.
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- 1925 John Holm, C.F.

MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEBACKER

- 1978 Jim Condo, Ottawa
- 1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1976 Don Tychon, Montreal
- 1975 Claude Turner, Edmonton
- 1974 Ed George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE LINEBACKER

- 1978 Don Tychon, Edmonton
- 1977 Don Tychon, Edmonton
- 1976 Don Tychon, Edmonton
- 1975 Don Tychon, Edmonton
- 1974 Don Tychon, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1978 Jim Condo, Winnipeg
- 1977 Leon Bright, B.C.
- 1976 John Squire, H.C.
- 1975 Tom Laidlaw, Ottawa
- 1974 Sam Jackson, Toronto
- 1973 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
- 1972 Chuck Foley, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1978 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1976 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1975 Don Laidlaw, Saskatchewan
- 1974 Tony Gabriel, Hamilton
- 1973 Gerry Ogden, Ottawa
- 1972 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1971 Terry Evanschitzky, Montreal
- 1970 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1969 Sam Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Don Laidlaw, Saskatchewan
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- 1925 Don Laidlaw, Saskatchewan



Dressed to kill and scared to death

By Ken Backer

"Hey you, watch, get the hell over here!" Corporal Jeff Crane shouted across the runway at his platoon leader, a stocky teen-ager. The kid ran over to Crane, his bulky camouflage fatigues flapping in his wake. He stopped to stretch, stooping his oversized combat boots "303, 1100, 080," the kid screamed, though he was only a few feet from Crane.

"Now what the hell did I want from you?" Crane said, more to himself than to the terrified private. The kid stood frozen, his chest strayed, holding his breath. His eyes never strayed from his superior's face. "I don't know what the hell I wanted from you," Crane decided. "Get the hell back over there." "303, Y10, 010," the kid screamed before breaking into a trot and returning to his platoon.

Crane shook his head. "What the hell do you do with dumbasses like these? Some of them are so dumb that the only way to get their attention is to beat hell out of them." Crane remarked. "But we don't do that here," he said, remembering a trip "It's not allowed. You get in trouble for that." He stood with his M-16 automatic rifle and stared at the 16-year-old man in his platoon.

Crane and recruits a batch of city kids off duty to fight a class-A battle war



teen. He looked disgruntled. "Jesus," he said.

The men of the 300th Platoon, 2nd Battalion, United States Marine Corps, were preparing for war that afternoon, earlier this summer. It was shortly after 8 p.m. when Crane had them stand at attention on the deserted runway awaiting further instructions. They all wore fatigues and carried full packs along with their M-16s. The faces were smeared with green camouflage makeup. The temperature was just under 20°C. At dusk the war would begin.

Crane was joined on the runway by Staff Sergeant John Monday and Clyde Gibson. They marched their troops over to a stand of pines and had them begin digging foxholes. Suddenly a young private came flying out of one of the holes and ran frantically around for perimeter. He was babbling incoherently in a high-pitched voice. Gibson walked over to the hole and looked inside. "Shoot," he shouted. He took the private's shovel, swung it like a hammer and drove it into the hole. He jumped down and came back up with half a snake in each hand. "Damn you kids," he said.

He stared at the kid who had jumped out of the hole. "Get over here," he ordered. The kid ran to his sergeant. "303, Y10, 010," the kid screamed, shuffling his feet to wear semblance of attention. "Get



O'Brien: you've got to beat hell out of them

the hell out of my sight," the sergeant ordered. "303, Y10, 010," the kid screamed. He ran back to his hole and resumed his digging.

The 300th Platoon typifies most platoons in today's marine corps, in the post-Vietnam era, in the carved all-volunteer armed forces of the United States. It is about three-quarters white and one-quarter black. Most of the whites are from small towns, rural areas, or industrial cities with high unemployment. Most of the blacks are from the urban north, city kids who got tired of standing on corners faced with a choice between crime and the ready state. Some turned to the marine corps because of its mythic myth or its promise of exotic stations, some signed up to learn a trade or start a career; some

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Frontlines

simply found their way to a recruiter's office on a day they had nothing better to do—and the next thing they knew they had enlisted.

They show up at Parris Island, South Carolina, or at San Diego, California, the two recruit training depots—or "boot camps"—with little or no idea of what awaits them. They have seen Jack Webb as the hard-boiled-detective-instructor-with-a-heart-of-gosh in the movie *The D.I.*, and expect a tough but ultimately rewarding experience.

Some don't even make it out of the reception barracks into a platoon. "We've had guys come walking in here with marijuana and other drugs," said the reception barracks sergeant at Parris Island. "We've had bank robbers who hoped to hide out here. We've even had a couple of homosexuals. They all get a ticket home." Last year, 18% per cent didn't make it through the torturous 11 weeks of basic training. They were bounced out. They couldn't cut it.

The recruits are assigned to the reception barracks for up to a week. They are stripped of their clothes, their hair and their individuality. They are herded into total subservience, on the theory that a good soldier obeys on reflex. One day, he's told, it may save his life. When a superior shouts, the good soldier jumps. Every first word is "sir," every last word is "sir." He is taught to answer his responses "SIR, YES, SIR," "SIR, NO, SIR." Scrawling is a reflex. It requires no thinking. He is taught to not blink, to look only at his superior, lest he miss a command or the salute of a comrade. "Eye-balling," as the tin call it, is out. If a recruit lolly lingers into the recruit's peripheral vision, his eyes will better not wander along with her. The recruit sees only Marines, hears only Marines, speaks only to Marines. Until they make it through basic training, recruits are mainly marine. (Even outlaws.)

On July 1, 1979, General Robert H. Barrow assumed command of the U.S. Marine Corps. That same week, it was revealed that more than 180 recruits at the San Diego training depot were dragged out of their bunks in the middle of the night and systematically beaten by three top Barrow and publicly. "The news hit me like a hot poker in the heart," Ever since the fatal beating of a mentally retarded recruit, Lynn McClure, at San Diego in 1975, the marine corps has publicly condemned excesses at Parris Island and San Diego. It says it has played more officer supervision over him, altered the concept of the 11 as feudal land over recruit-camps. It says that during the first quarter of this year (before the recruits' beating, which is still under investigation) 18 cases of physical abuse and seven cases of verbal abuse resulted in disciplinary action against recruits, while during the same period in 1978

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Frontlines

there were 59 cases of physical and 14 cases of verbal abuse.

"Our motto is 'brutality, fairness and dignity,'" says Major Paul Chapman of marine headquarters at the Pentagon. "Society has changed and we have changed with it. Particularly General Burros, who served as commandant at Parris Island for 32 months (in July, 1975), is sensitive to these kinds of things."

At about the same time the recruits were being housed in Sea Dogs, the 300th Platoon was digging its far war on



Monday: guns are the dogs of Vietnam

Parris Island. It wasn't a real war, of course. There wasn't any live ammunition in the M-16s. It was what the marine corps calls a "mini-war," an all-right exercise. There would be plenty of noise—tapes blaring machine-gun fire and grenades and rocket explosions—and prisoners would be taken. All of which would make some of the recruits feel like John Wayne and others like vomiting their feelings.

But for all that, the "mini-war" just didn't seem to make the blood rush for the unseasoned too. Many instructors had served in Vietnam, the real thing. They were trained soldiers training others to fight, without a war in sight. Though there was some talk that day of the growing revolution in Nicaragua, there was little hope that these men would see action there. The U.S. didn't do those things anymore, not since Vietnam. Guns were the dogs when the marines were firing into places like the Dominican Republic, not to mention the hills of Mozambique or the shores of Tripoli.

But the recruiters keep returning and Parris Island keeps turning out battle-ready recruits. In 1985 in 1977, 30,138 last year. They arrive several days and 11 weeks later they're supposed to be ready for action, just like the recruits of 1917 and 1941.

"It's no secret that there are a lot of men here who would like nothing better than the real thing," said one marine observer of the phony war. "That's what they're trained for. That's the whole purpose of this place. Without even the slightest prospect of war, this place is obsolete. And every year it's getting tougher and tougher to take things like this seriously."

In another corner of the 8,000-acre island, not far from the statue of the staged flag-raising at Iwo Jima, adjacent to the notorious obstacle course that the 18-conviction corps calls a "confidence course," is a group of first-week recruits learning to drill. Across the road is a platoon of "boots" doing disciplinary exercises that the 18-conviction corps calls "intensive physical training." The 18 had a day that looked like he had recently gone the distance with Mahomet Ali—twisted, puffy nose, cauliflower ears, puffy cheeks. He slumped his neck through a pronounced lip.

"There's only one platoon," he shouted. "Get 'em, get 'em," the boots roared back. "Fierce platoon," the 18 replied.

"Get 'em, get 'em," they chanted. All but one bit. He just smiled. He never parted his lips, and he never stopped smiling. He never took his eyes off the 18. He seemed to know that he had found his niche in life—that during the next 10 weeks he would be trained to kill. ☐



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Did you hear the one about Norman?

The 41-year-old Canadian Douchébor is more than just a good talker. He makes his living speaking off, and his verbal pyrotechnics were honored recently when he had the title *Cansense Professor Articulator Emendore* bestowed upon him by the National Speakers Association of Phoenix, Arizona. The award—comparable to the Pulitzer Prize for writers—makes him the only Canadian on the association's roster of 46, just two places down from Norman Vincent Peale.

Robb was all of 5 when he gave his first public address, in Russian, to his home-town audience in Bruce Lake, Saskatchewan. Knowing a good thing when he heard it, young Robb kept talking and, at 20, became the youngest speaker to address the Canadian Club in Ottawa. Robb now listens to the sweet sound of his vocal chords turning syllables into a salary of \$50,000 a year in Canada, the United States, Bangkok, New Delhi, Moscow and Stockholm among other places. "I wouldn't make a living if I just spoke in Canada," he

Mainline: Ignoring syllables using a salient

While the people feel it corresponds merely to loss of a tooth, Robinson glides through his speeches, ad-libbing all the way. He promises to confront unions and men's clubs—to "argue with a fairly conservative point of view"—on such meat-and-potato matters as "Coping with Crisis" or "A New Deal in Canada-U.S. Relations," with price tags of \$1,250 a shot. And even though he claims to have one of the best libraries in the country, hidden away in his 35-room, 19th-century mansion in Algonquin, near Ottawa, his research comes from "hats" the average guy the common acquaintance.

His most popular topic is stress, and he carries his cues to insurance salesmen, police and real estate dealers with unerring vigor. Among his 85 tips: "Leverage on the floor with family members or go out in the rain in your bathing suit. If this doesn't do it, yell at the top of your voice when the music is on full blast in your car." And if all else fails, take up a new hobby. Being a speaker is a new hobby. Robin has taken up a new hobby himself—swimming. An appropriate interest for someone confronted with the possibility of drowning in the sound of his own voice.

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Letters

Onward, Christian soldier

Allan Fotheringham, in his column *Beyond the Myths of Bravery and Puck: There Was No Pride or Glory at Dieppe* (Aug. 13), should remember that any mention of the exploits of the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry at Dieppe, 37 years ago, should also include that regiment's most popular padre, Lieutenant Colonel John W. Foster, vic, of Cobourg, Ontario. Foster, who stayed away with the "Bileys" during the early-morning run-in to the beaches, is credited with having saved the lives of more than 36 men that day. He reportedly walked up and down the beach, under fire, picked up the wounded and carried them back to the landing craft, calling as he went, "every man carry a man." Later, as the landing craft he was in began moving astern to return to England, he jumped ashore to tend to those who had been captured or wounded that day. To the hundreds captured, who spent the rest of the war behind barbed wire, he became the most unforgettable Canadian at Dieppe.

PETER MACWOOD
ORLANDO, ONT.

Allan Fotheringham deserves top honors for his column on Dieppe. To think that so little is ever done to uncover the heroism made during World War II is deplorable. Hopefully, this article will engender massive amounts of information from now on about the heroes brave men faced in complete facility. Bad judgment, when men's lives are at stake, is unacceptable.

GEORGE EDENHOLD OGDEN
WILKINSON, ONT.

The eyes have it

When I first saw the picture of Linda Thomson (People, April 30) I thought that the "shady glimpse of most of Linda Thomson's right breast," as pointed out by Tom Gassick (Letters, July 30), was just a wisp of hair dangling down. Naturally I took a closer look and sure enough I was "trifled." I would like to thank the readers of *Mothers' Eye* for so unerringly bringing my attention to things that I might have something missed.

MEL STOFEN, CALGARY

Parks, not parking lots

Canada's new parks minister, John Fraser, is soon to face his first test of the preservation-park philosophy he espoused in *Ministry of the Environment* (July 16). He will be asked by his park officials to sign a development-oriented management plan for the Yukon's Klondike National Park. This vast wilderness, with the highest mountains in Canada, a vast network of many valley glaciers and rich wildlife populations, will be invaded upon by three interior valley roads, an inclined railway, motorboat shuttle and aircraft overflight.

Recreation consultants and even some park employees have pointed out the ecological costs in terms of disturbance to wildlife, sensitive terrain and wilderness values. Fraser stated in *Maclean's*: "Our system is based on maintaining large sections of the country in as natural a state as possible. If you give it to it [development], it isn't even the same experience. The wilderness preserves the

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sense of vastness that is as much a part of national psyche." But Fraser will need considerable public support if he is to protect our parks.

JOHN B. THERGOLD,
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ECOLOGY,
UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO,
WATERLOO, ONT.

Black, white and grey

I would like to commend Don Turner on his article *The Commonwealth's Border* (Aug. 6). Having spent a year in southern Africa, I know only too well the very real problems facing both whites and blacks. The situation has no clear-cut answers for either side. Anyone who believes that simply to swing the power over to the blacks will solve the strife is very much mistaken. Turner has written the most objective and truly informative article I have read on southern Africa.

SANDRA KELL, GILFORD, ONT.

Growing pains

I read with great interest Peter C. Newman's editorial *Why Africa Needs a Green Revolution and Not One Painted in Black, White and Red* (Aug. 6). As chairman of the Canadian Hunger Foundation in Ottawa from 1960 to 1966, I felt very close to the question of feeding the world. My recollection after five years was that we could not feed the world by pouring millions of bushels of wheat into three various semi-deficient areas—but that we must get down to business and devote most of our strength to tracking these countries how to grow their own. I don't suppose there is an area anywhere where wheat and perhaps rice cannot be grown under the right circumstances. I



think the tendency of these African countries has been to concentrate on more glamorous things such as tourism, etc., but I completely agree that the first basic problem is to develop their own agriculture with the assistance of the "have" countries. I was pleased to note that you are behind what you term "the green revolution," and in the interests of all concerned I hope this is just a start along these lines.

GEORGE H. METRO, CALGARY

Bumper cropper

I hate to be picky considering the coup Grande Prairie pulled off in gaining the 1979 Canadian hot-air balloon championships and your coverage in *Sweep Away the Breeze*... (Aug. 13), which was excellent and provided both the city and ballooning with valuable exposure beyond Alberta's borders. But Grande Prairie, with a population of

30,000-plus, is hardly a "bump" on the Alaska Highway. In fact, the Alaska Highway does not actually start until Dawson Creek, B.C., another 50 miles northwest.

BILL SCOTT, EDITOR
THE DAILY HERALD-TIMES
GRANDE PRATRE, ALTA.

Author, author, burning bright

I hate to be picky considering in *Lots of Glories but Few Laughs* (Aug. 13) that my novel *Mr. Job* fails to come up to the standards of your reviewer. It must have been by some strange lapse of critical acumen that it was accepted by Victor Gollancz, a major British publishing house. Its editorial staff was unanimously in favor of publishing it—which, their chairman told me, is by no means always the case. The American publisher Harper & Row was also taken in. Its senior editor wrote to me, "Let me assure you that I loved and continue to love your novel. It was the only book I bought on a two-week working trip to London and it made the whole trip worthwhile. When I sat alone with a manuscript in a strange hotel room and repeatedly laugh aloud, I take it as a wholesome sign."

Your reviewer criticizes the "extraneous variable" of characters. Actually, the number is quite modest. He must find 19th-century novels totally disconcerting. I am comforted by his word "blatant" of which I am twice accused, although what he intends by it is obscure. He also uses "wowed" in a strange way. And how does one "uncharacterize" chase? He says I do it deftly, and I deny

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Letters

ding it at all. It is curious to find someone who writes like this assuming the authority to criticize other writers. I should think that a phrase such as "a plethora of grins and giggles" really should constitute a permanent disqualification. Depressing to think that, if your reviewer is right, Victor Gollancz, Harper & Row and Publishers Weekly (which reviewed the book) are wrong. And after all, what do they know about books?

NICKOLAS BRANTON, WATERLOO, ONT.

The meek shall inherit

I am concerned about the merger of The Canadian and Weekend Magazine. Your article *Two Can Learn Cheaper* in *One* (Aug. 13) states that the style of *Weekend* will be the one abandoned, which seems to be typically Canadian—being stand behind excellence. *Weekend* is a graphic joy. Its articles are intelligent, often amusing, thought-provoking and memorable. It always me that it is going to disappear. I would gladly pay for it, if anyone had asked me to subscribe. I can't be the only reader who feels this way.

ELIZABETH HARRISON, CALGARY

Web-footed friends

Thank you for a most appealing presentation on Oak Hammock Marsh in *Out of the Bag a Week* (Aug. 13). As the man responsible for the only water note in the piece, may I qualify what seemed to be ungrateful criticism of Ducks Unlimited? They are a group of positive-thinking hunters whose considerable efforts to raise waterfowl have indirectly benefited others, notably scientists and that increasing segment of the public preoccupied with photography and birdwatching. And quite properly *TD* has not been slack in reminding the public of its good work. In remote locations this posture is harmless enough, but in an area such as Oak Hammock it can, and has generated some misunderstanding when hunters have mistakenly ordered sharpshooters out of their pews.

As a person dedicated to encouraging as many people as possible to get out and learn about their environment, it bothers me to see that non-hunting magazines might be made less like treasurers on land they have paid the major share for (more than 90 per cent). I have nothing but admiration for *TD*'s principal objectives, but in trying to maintain balanced perspectives I say at times be appearing to second my admiration too loudly.

BUR WALSH, WOODBINE

Canada

THE FIRST 100 DAYS

By Robert Lewis

It had been 100 days since the people elected him the 16th prime minister. It was the evening of the 100th anniversary of the Rocky Mountains, and it was also the night Joe Clark's political career—his attendance at a long meeting, in this case the final session of a four-day retreat with his inner cabinet to Jasper. The venue was 80-year-old Outlook Cabin, a long, sprawling bungalow at Jasper Park Lodge which, at another time, served as the set for a movie featuring Marilyn Monroe. The picture was called *Never of No Return*.

The Jasper days marked the end of Clark's long-held hopelessness about his office. Never before in this century has a newly elected government waited so long to meet Parliament. In a historic October session, official Opposition all but ceased. The most striking thing that Pierre Trudeau did was to grow a beard during a canoe trip. Clark, meanwhile, covered good reviews for his government's standing among the best people and for two trips abroad, one to the Tokyo economic summit, the other to the Commonwealth meeting in London.

Clark had not a major player or either event, but it is intriguing to witness evidence of the sort of office climate. In addition, by way of contrast to his world trip last January, Clark bopped his mind leaving a small airplane but a CBC technician secured the president would be spared from the voyage. During a four-day tour last week at Bermuda in his constituency, Clark indirectly acknowledged the change after struggling weakly with a leaked gas outside on board. "If I had done that six months ago," he cracked, "I would have lost the election."

Clark's only major setback, in fact, has been the impression left that the government would campaign promises in the style of Jerry Brown, demanding policy reversals—"just words." Their pressure from Amk station, diplomats and Canadian businessmen, Clark was forced to back down governmentally on the plea to move the Canadian embassy from Tel

Ave to Jerusalem. To cement himself from the quagmire, Clark had to play an ace card too early in the game when he turned on Robert Stanfield for a lifetime. There also has been confining officers about the evening, with Finance Minister John Crosbie and Treasury Board Pres-

ident back was the work plans of the old regime. By way of retirement, a Clark adviser remarks, "It wasn't so much Liberal policy coming up—it was the bureaucracy's policy. The bureaucrats were the government."

Clark seems the horses are now in front of the cart, but he acknowledges the problem. "What I wanted to do with these four days in Jasper was to take all the staff that has been coming up in the system, the work plans, and fit them in to what we undertook to do as a government. I opened by saying to ministers, 'Forget about your departments, we're here as people pledged to do certain changes.'" Beyond that, Clark, in effect, could only hold out uncradled hopes that courtesy, compromise—and more meetings—would be the keys to resolving the conflicts he faces (see sidebar, page 25).



Hazy days in Yellowknife riding Prime Minister Joe Clark a "Dayton Valley Coal"

dent Sinclair likewise producing different numbers on projected unemployment, inflation and growth. In dealing with Prime Canada, the government has elevated the words to a main course, one day suggesting it will be retained, another that it will be sold off. "When you nearly-mouth," someone else straightened, "you can expect to be called nearly-mouthed."

Internally, the government has faced criticism from its supporters about the apparent inactivity in the first three months to replace senior officials with new—and try blue—faces. "I sometimes wonder of getting control," says one well-placed official.

Surprisingly, even some bureaucrats, weary of the indecision and confusion that marked the last government's dying days, concede "They've been taken over," says one government official who notes that Clark's reluctant transition team prepared detailed plans for changing structures, but not substance. Accordingly, when the new government turned to the civil service for advice, what it tended to

Underwhelming through the tone of the prime ministry can, Clark has managed to change it in 100 days. His style is to avoid people down to the plain from the mountains, to share decision-making, to be more involved in ordinary life.

For his trip was to Jasper, for example, Clark boarded a regular Air Canada flight and, as he walked the stairs, signed autographs and posing for the instantaneous, he found himself harassed by an enthusiastic but very drunk supporter who kept clapping him on the neck, and following at reporters. "It's not Joe who it's Joe!" When a Clark spokesman asked "Clark what he preferred to be called—'prime minister' or 'Joe'?" he replied "Just Joe."

Through its symbolic use of ceremonial attack, the number of government jobs in use by ministers these days is such that the plan has emphasized they are not leaving their required hours. Clark has also shown an extra toughness that is not always evident on the outside. He has suggested unhappiness with federal attempts to manage relations with First Nations and to manage the world. When Immigration Minister Jean Charest got himself embroiled in a self-inflicted verbal con-



DAY 1 Wits, Mearns, and the new prime minister celebrated the victory in Spring Grove, Alberta.

travelling, Clark dispatched his chief of staff, Bill Neill, to pass a message. "I like my job. Help me keep it."

Clark shows every intention that he is at ease in his role. "It's fun," he says. The people who attend his meetings say he is well briefed and asks pointed questions, the result perhaps of the two hours of reading he has been taking home at night to Harrogate Lake where the family, frequently joined by Maclean's kin, spend the summer. Officials who were around the Trudeau cabinet are struck by the unassuming, almost casual style of Clark's government and with the courtesy Clark and his ministers show in thinking them for their advice on tricky issues.

There was no lack of complexity about the agenda for Jasper drafting a three-point speech for the opening of Parliament Oct. 1, developing a new energy policy, cutting government spending and taking stock of the summer long attempt to take control of the government.

Adding urgency to the affair were party spending meetings that in the first 100 days the government has been singularly unkindness with the customary post-election "bala." There has not been, for ex-

ample, any dramatic rise in the number of voters who now identify themselves as Conservatives.* One factor is that as leaders of the Opposition, Clark raised few expectations—and has lived up to them.

Clark is looking on a relatively short honeymoon, mainly because he recognizes that people voted more against Pierre Trudeau than for Clark. "There is a real and-on attitude about it," says one minister. "People don't expect much. It won't take much for the 'heart factor' to surface."

Beneath the calm of the mountain retreat, as a result, there was an air of tension among the press. In the evening, before dinner, news moved in heated anger could be heard drifting from the radio around emerald green Lac Beauport. Twice Clark called weary ministers to late-night informal meetings, dragging them away from post-dinner drinks in the lodge. This may have been an attempt to compensate for his laid-off approach throughout the summer, when Clark left ministers mainly on their own to solve their problems. But as Crosbie observes, borrowing from Samuel Johnson, the uncertain opening of Parliament "has focused the mind wonderfully"—ushering Clark's "Bey" era official. "From the '70s only political post by today's vote the election is eight months old and had the PCs got into power in 1980, we would have had the NDP in the same way as the PCs."

*On Sept. 10, 1985, 44 per cent declared. Expected gains of supporters in most areas for a vote to be held in a first night of consultation has moved accordingly.



DAY 9 Clark began take-over by calling on cabinet PM, who took to the aisle and left his hand grow.

questions he's making, it's clear his mind is very much focused on the opening of Parliament.

In the first cabinet session Clark issued orders and got right down to business. He called on Lowell Murray, a key political adviser and grandfather to his daughter, Catherine, for a briefing. While the cabinet spent the summer developing policy, Murray was out around the parish picking up some disturbing vibrations. He warned the cabinet that too many Liberals have been kept on their personal staffs and that they have been ineffective in providing party discipline.

Patronage and appointments have now become one of Murray's chief mandates. Along with Chief of Staff Bill Neill, head-caster Terry Yates, palmer Allan Green and staffer Joan Page, Murray will vet every appointment made by Clark. Given in turn has gone off to Toronto to establish a research company for polling and analysis, in the manner of the Liberals' Martin Goldfarb. In turn, Murray has appointed Peter Brown, head of the party's Media Buying Services Ltd., as the de facto head of all government advertising, which last year amounted to \$28.9

million. Since just happens to have run the Conservative ad campaign in the last election and was involved in the remake of Clark's election-book, hairstyle two years ago, which saved his post from the right to the left side of his head.

Murray also warned the ministers that their conflicting policy statements in the first 100 days have created the impression that they are "all over the lot" with no firm goals. Clark picked up on the need to firm up the government's course. He told his ministers that questions about politicians is so high these days that they have no choice but to keep their word. As a reminder, he produced an exhaustively researched list of campaign undertakings. One result was the decision to announce establishment of a panel that will study ways in which to sell off parts of the national oil company, Petro-Canada, to the private sector.

Drafting the outline of the three-point speech was the second-most important addressed by cabinet. Instead of opening for what one staffer called "a kitchen-sink approach," the ministers decided to sketch general directions for the four years the Conservatives believe they have until the next election. The themes will be more reliance on the private sector, building up the strengths of the regions and opening up the government with a freedom of information law. (That legislation—likely to cost \$60 million to administer—will make it possible, in cases where a minister refuses to release documents, to appeal to a judge and will eliminate the government's right, under the Federal Court Act, to keep documents secret without explanation.)

As if moving Parliament and preparing a first budget were not enough, the



DAY 37 At the Tokyo summit Clark met Margaret Thatcher, secured one diplomatic victory.

government is committed to a basic plan card outside the House this fall. Clark will meet with the 16 premiers on the economy in November, while Maclean, Development Minister Robert de Gooey will host a similar joint conference for business and labor leaders. U.S. President Jimmy Carter arrives for his first official visit next month with a decision on the oil pipeline on the agenda.

The government also has to resolve the fight between Ontario and Alberta over what happens to the increased take from higher domestic oil and gas prices. The current Canadian price of \$2.75 per barrel, roughly \$1 below world levels, will increase in line with Clark's undertaking at the Tokyo summit. A \$1-per-barrel price hike—and the government is planning higher jumps—not only means gasoline at the pump from three to five cents per gallon, each \$1 hike generates \$1 billion in new revenues which flow liberally to companies and, in royalties, to producing provinces like Alberta, where the Heritage Savings Trust Fund already teems with \$7 billion petrodollars. During the next decade, without changes in the tax structure, the fund could rise to \$20 billion, while remaining programs such as Ontario wheat co-dependent reduction wither and individual bill fills rise.

Ontario has proposed that increased revenues should be used to cushion consumers' costs and to invest in new energy development across Canada. Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed says the Ontario

scheme is unacceptable, especially since Alberta has already introduced lower Canadian prices to the tune of \$15 bill.

Clark is planning to rely on long-standing personal relations with the two Conservative premiers to reach a compromise. Indications in Jasper last week were that, while questioning provincial control of resources, the cabinet will propose that Alberta lead petrodollars to a national fund to stimulate conservation and exploration. The government also is examining ways to spur substitution of natural gas for oil in industry through tax incentives and has decided that a dramatic price increase above next January's planned \$1 is the only way to stop Canadian gasoline buyers from overseas. "The capacity of the consumer to absorb annual \$1 increases seems endless."

The other major agenda item in Jasper was the campaign led by Sinclair Stevens to hold the line on government spending, which this fiscal year will be \$18.8 billion. The government vows restraint as the key ingredient in moving closer, as Clark undertook, to a balanced budget in four years.

Treasury Board had already shopped \$200 million from spending plans when cabinet met in Jasper. Further cuts were made by the minister and a series of "envelopes"—spending ceilings—were assigned to all departments on the basis of projected revenues—"a healthy change," as Auditor-General J.J. Macdonell noted.

Stevens approaches his mission in the manner of a negative movement builder, in sharp contrast to the political post-bureaucracy of a post-political era. No extravagance, whether custom-made boots for the actor as million-dollar suit covers, escapes his attention. He is toying with the idea of making civil servants sign cost estimates for projects, so they can be held personally accountable for failing to meet

DAY 28 Peterson told Energy Minister Jap that he might not call it after all.



DAY 32 Trudeau's Arab ambassador denied the proposed shifting of embassy to Jerusalem.



DAY 82 Clark met Tanzania's President Nyerere in Africa after Commonwealth conference.

A poached-tuna approach to a territorial imperative



As the deck of the Canadian Fisheries vessel *Tuna* bobbed underneath him, Stanley Johnson yelled, "We're going to arrest you," he said, "we'll need something to write." Momentarily taken aback, Canadian Fisheries officers, who had been chasing Johnson's *Alma* 2 and seven other U.S. tuna boats for two days, huddled together. Eventually an officer produced a business card and quickly scribbled on the back that the U.S. vessel was illegally in Canadian waters and that they must proceed under escort to Victoria, B.C. for inspection. Apparently satisfied, Johnson smiled, slipped the smeared card into his back pocket and prepared to return to his boat and head toward Victoria.

It was certainly no Banquet, but the incident resulted in the signing of charges last week of entering and fishing in Canadian waters. The eight skippers had followed schools of albacore tuna into waters controlled by the Canadian 300-nautical-mile jurisdiction. Each was released on \$5,000 bond and ordered to return for trial Feb. 18. Shortly after, two organizations representing the arrested boats ordered their other vessels out of Canadian waters but, even so, by week's end 14 more U.S. boats had been apprehended off the north coast of Vancouver Island.

The hard-line move by Fisheries Minister James McGuinty, who personally ordered the initial seizures, is seen as an

Captured U.S. fishing boats (above) and skippers leaving Halifax court (right) getting Canada's boundary position on the record



attempt to put the Canadian boundary position on the record. The U.S. then negotiated Canada's 300-mile limit (declared in 1977) as applying to migratory fish such as tuna. As a result, the U.S. government provides serious interference for fishermen who break foreign laws the U.S. doesn't recognize. It is this insurance that has led at least one B.C. M.L.A. to call for full sanctions for U.S. poachers. On the U.S. side, Washington state Congressmen David

Booker has called for embargoes on Canadian fish products if the spite captures are convicted. The choppy atmosphere is aggravated by the recent overfishing of the U.S. West Coast halibut quota, which led to a drastically reduced catch for Canadian halibut fishermen.

Other interested Americans, such as Bob Alverson, manager of the Seattle owners' association, which represents four of the smud boats, are unhappy ("We got suckered"), but they hope McDonald's get-tough policy will speed up the Pacific region's bilateral fishing boundary negotiations which lag far behind talks on the East Coast. "We're still at square one on the West Coast," Alverson says. Fishermen officers, although they oppose the U.S. acceptance of a Canadian plan to allow tuna fishing in Canadian waters, in exchange for assurance that U.S. fishermen would not enter the lucrative herring sea fishery, would solve the problem if U.S. inspectors have to far exceeded the proposed, and at week's end Washington officially protested the Canadian seizures.

In the meantime, wandering tuna skippers have little to lose. If they choose not to return to trial, the U.S. government will mail them their forfeited \$5,000 bonds. And since there are no Canadian processing facilities for the easily caught tuna, the eight vessels originally charged returned home after two days of courtial detention with their holds still stuffed with the same poached tuna that began the snafu.

Thomas Hopkins

Halifax

Over the hill and under the gun

In the 151 years since the star-shaped, granite fortifications of Citadel Hill were first constructed to protect Halifax from enemy attack, you've hasn't been one single shot fired in anger from its ramparts. But the Citadel—the commanding presence of the city's landscape and Halifax's most popular tourist attraction—has recently become the focal point of some head-bobbing clashes between the city's powerful heritage lobby and would-be downtown developers.

The first battle of Citadel Hill raged in 1974, after nearly five years of verbal skirmishing, when city council passed legislation to protect 16 views of the harbor from Citadel Hill. Council had been prompted by highway planners which had already abstracted most of the other potential-perfect harbor vistas. But the price the city had to pay



Developer's dream tower from Citadel Hill, whether to spoil business or the view

for that decision, as frustrated developers were quick to point out, was severe restriction on new downtown development. Now, following the outcome of this summer's second battle of Citadel Hill, there may ultimately be even more restrictions as new construction in the central business district.

That fight was joined on April 6, 1979, when Bill Staggis, developer and former alderman, applied for a building permit to construct Three Square, a 24-story brick and glass, retail and office tower on Brunswick Street at the foot of

the Hill and almost directly opposite another famous city landmark, the tower clock. Staggis, who was named developer of the year in 1977 by the *Halifax Herald* for his work in refurbishing a security but historic downtown office building, spent nearly three years refining his proposal to meet what he believed were the requirements of the city's "viewpoint" legislation as well as its new municipal development plan.

But when it was pronounced—along with the positive recommendation of city staff—to a public hearing last month, 400 people overflowed council chambers to oppose the project. Enthusi-

aved speakers quoted everything from poetic tributes to Citadel Hill by Joseph Howe, the province's most famous former politician, to the more prosaic heritage preservation policies of the municipal development plan. Opponents—including the heritage preservation commission, the Ecology Action Centre, Parks Canada, residents' associations and individual citizens—argued that Three Square would be a growing inferno which would not fit in with the historic character of either the Citadel or Brunswick Street.

Last week, despite a down-to-earth concession from the developer to lay two streets off the top of his proposed building, council overwhelmingly rejected the application. A frustrated and angry Staggis, who is now considering taking his case to the provincial Planning Appeal Board, says council's decision will spell the end of future development on the hill. "All the big developers in Eastern Canada were waiting to see what would happen to this project. I had a good building and I did everything I was supposed to do to comply with the viewpoint legislation and the municipal development plan. That building was going to produce \$300,000 in revenue for the city, and for all my trouble all I got in bloodied and beaten. No other developer is going to come on here after this. He needs the approval too." Stephen Kinkler

Catering to Man and his Stomach

The ubiquitous golden arches sign I remember just off the Le Croque-Bœuf, a new and distinctly Québécois restaurant of Montreal's Mar and the World, has been hungry being into the last food trade at summer scrump as newly as 3,000 customers a day had the unbridled a croquerette is a pastry filled with various stuffings that combines an oversized egg roll and is eaten with its hands. The most popular stuffings are the well-known ground beef and pork (sautéed) and apple, a mixture of several kinds of meat. Croque-bœufs are available in meat markets as well. Salads, beverages, fruit and yogurt are also served at the pilot-project eatery opened partly by the Quebec network of a town's hotel school and the Quebec Association of Restaurants. It aims to help Québécois chefs in the last food trade, when now accounts for more than 20 cents of every dollar spent in Canadian restaurants. The menu at Mar and the World ranges from various parts of the province and announced that its restaurant would not be a



Peering the province of Le Croque-Bœuf light through the golden arches

challenge the market now controlled by chains of foreign origins.

If Le Croque-Bœuf is successful, it could be the forerunner of a fleet of Québécois fast food restaurants scattered around the province. Customers so far have been mostly French speaking and the picture menu is of course, captioned only in French. But the Mar and the World's menu is also arranged during a recent visit. They said they enjoyed the food and especially the low prices—just over \$5 to lead a

family of four. Customers are lured by operators from students watching their tables. The restaurant has been 60 per cent profitable, says manager Robert Martin.

The restaurant, which closes the week with the end of the Mar and the World's season opened as a "testcase pilot" which Martin says would have been even larger except that everything had to be accomplished by hand instead of with the mass-production methods that make the big chicken and hamburger franchises so profitable.

Margaret Pilon

Monday bloody Monday

By William Greider

The sunlight sparkled on the waters of Douglas Bay and gave warmth to the green hills around Malaga. The distinguished figure of Earl Mountbatten of Burma was a familiar, if somewhat unlikely, sight in the tiny seaside village. For more than 30 years he had holidayed there in the family-owned Chatsworth Castle, shopping in the local stores, strolling with the locals and setting sail in his small boat to fish or trap lobsters.

On this day—the 10th of Malaga—his death would come. He sat out in the small cabin cruiser, Skua V, to check his lobster pots in the bay. With him were his daughter, Lady Brabourne, her husband, Lord Brabourne, his mother, the dowager Lady Brabourne, Brabourne's twin sons, Nicholas and Timothy, aged 14, and Paul Mountbatten, a 15-year-old schoolboy who had been hired as a boatman for the season. Two security officers stayed on land.

Another holidaymaker in a nearby boat, Brian Wainwright, described what happened next. "They were heading towards the point. As the boat approached I saw the flash and the boat exploded and seconds later we heard the boom of the explosion. I knew immediately what it was. One minute there was a boat and the next minute there was nothing—just debris flying right, left and centre."

The 78-year-old Mountbatten, Nicholas and Paul were killed instantly by the 40-pound bomb. The other members of the party were flung, injured, bleeding and screaming into the water and were quickly picked up by other pleasure boats. The 10-year-old daughter died the next day in hospital.

The bombing, immediately claimed by the Irish Republican Army, left Britons stunned and angry at the sudden and bloody murder of the long-decorated hero. But none was more shocked than the bombing of Mountbatten's fishing boat, 38 British

soldiers were killed in an IRA ambush on the Ulster border. It was the single worst casualty toll suffered by the British military since the Korean War and it came only two weeks after Ulster marked the bloody 10th anniversary of the arrival of British troops on its streets to keep the peace.



Mountbatten sporting his decorations before flying right, left and centre

The IRA, which claimed credit for the troop killings as well, planned two massive bombings by the roadside and detonated the first as three army vehicles drove by, killing six soldiers. When they arrived, the terrorists, concealed in woods 200 yards across the border, detonated the second bomb and another 12 soldiers died, including Lieutenant Colonel David Barr, commanding officer of the First Battalion, Queen's Own Highlanders. The police-trained soldiers opened fire on a lone figure and killed an English tourist.

In Dublin, meanwhile, there was shock, anger and a good deal of shame that hours after the bombing of Mountbatten's fishing boat, 38 British

public. The Irish cabinet met in a hurried emergency session, despite the absence of the premier, Jack Lynch, who was on holiday in Portugal. The criticism of Lynch, especially in the British press, which denounced the killers in such headlines as "evil bastards" and "disgraced bog Irishmen," increased with his absence. The *Daily Mail* accused him of "calculated indifference" for not returning immediately to Dublin.

In contrast, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher made a dramatic dash to Northern Ireland in the wake of the killings, standing with shopping crowds in Belfast and dining a fish packet to visit troops in the so-called "battered country" on the border. A woman in the front row reached out to her and cried, "For God's sake, help us." Thatcher took her hand and assured her, "We are doing our best. If we do not defeat the terrorists, then democracy is dead."

Strikingly, throughout the hysteria and even before it, the law in the sleepy west of Ireland moved with astonishing speed. Two hours before the fatal explosion, police arrested two men behaving with suspicious nervousness and apparently heading for the Ulster border. Traces of explosives and two water bottles in their pockets both turned out to be members of the Provisional IRA. Late in the week they were charged in Dublin with the Mountbatten murder and remanded to Oct 8. They were Francis McGuire, 34, and Thomas McMahon, 31, both from the south. In a country-wide search, Irish police had also moved in on the homes of known IRA sympathizers, removing them for forensic examination, and the Dublin government announced a reward of \$25,000 for the capture of the Mountbatten killers.

McGuire, a laborer from County Leitrim, and McMahon, an upholsterer from County Monaghan, were arrested at a roadblock more than an hour before the explosion and 40 miles away from the scene. Ray McGuire is the nephew of a veteran IRA man, John Joe McGuire, who

Maverick among the blue bloods

He was a man of charm, wit, courage and good looks, a bold warrior, a diplomat and political provocateur, a man who loved pomp and ceremony and hated the snob of the English Establishment. Earl Mountbatten of Burma—Lord Louis to older Britons and Uncle Dick to the Royal Family—was the last of a male generation of other men-welcomed to be.

"I am the most conceited man I have ever known," he once said. I suggested the British War Memoirs with a biography that ran more than 1,000 words and is the longest in the volume. He loved occasions on which he could wear full uniforms and display the color and glitter of 18 rows of medals and decorations including Knight of the Order of the Garter, which entailed his crest. But he disliked the enormous clubhouse at Balmoral, his royal colleagues' scene of what he called "the endless pursuit of his own ambitions." Admirals are a lot of damned fools," he said after becoming Admiral of the Fleet.

His wife's political network among Britain's blue bloods almost vied. Later even though his closest friends and mentors, such as Winston Churchill, were Tories to the quick, in 1955 a Conservative party worker called at Mountbatten's country home to ask for a campaign contribution. "We're on the other side, you know Mountbatten said. 'You'll have better talk to the servants' wing. They're all Tories.'"

Ironically—especially in view of the fact that his assassins claim to be anti-imperialists—few Mountbatten men more than any other single person who symbolized Britain's withdrawal from Empire in 1947. At Indian independence he presided with what many people, including Churchill, believed was propriety: he saw over the torch to India's independence.

He was born Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas of Battenberg on June 25, 1900. His father was the Austrian-born Prince Louis of Battenberg, who was to become First Sea Lord and his mother was Princess Victoria, granddaughter of Queen Victoria. In 1914, just after the outbreak of the First World War, two German monarchs visited British naval forces at the Mediterranean and saw a small Prince Louis become a sailor for anti-German hysteria sweeping Britain. The pressures were such that Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was forced to ask Prince Louis to resign.

The family subsequently apologized to 5



name to Mountbatten and it has been said, notably in the past few days by historian John Terrance, that the spur driving Mountbatten was his determination to achieve the promotion in the Royal Navy that his father had won and lost. And that he did.

After the war he became a sociable and intimate of Edward, Prince of Wales, and they found their way together in 1932 in a dining society wedding he married Edwina Ashley, a granddaughter of the reformer Frederick St. John Elliot. It was



Mountbatten greets former Indian prime minister Jawaharlal Nehru (left), with wife, Edwina, and General Montgomery; 'better back in the servants' wing'

through his wife's fortune that he acquired his Hampshire mansion and Chatsworth Castle on the green shores of West Island where he met his death.

All the subtext of the Second World War: he was a command of his. Kelly II was on the Kelly that he became a national hero when, although the ship was crippled by a torpedo, Mountbatten took her to port after 91 hours of a seven-attack in the Battle of Crete in 1941. A day earlier second a desert hit on the Kelly and the ship was sinking. Mountbatten, with 400 survivors clinging to wreckage for nearly four hours, while being rescued by German planes, before being rescued. Noel Coward, playing Mountbatten, turned the story into one of the great emotional British war movies in which, like Sir John Gielgud, critics, who thought Mountbatten was too broad for his own good, and that of his crew, returned the movie in *What We Saw*.

His wartime career gave him a share of power, glory and controversy. He was in charge of the 6th Indian Division of 1942, in which thousands of Chinese soldiers were killed in a week after he was appointed Supreme Allied Commander South East Asia. In 1945 the Japanese opened an offensive to sweep across India but within a year Mountbatten's troops had halted the drive, killing 150,000 Japanese troops and opening up Burma, thus setting the foundation for his title, Lord Mountbatten of Burma.

Following the war he held many posts, including his service in India, as vice commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, the much-longed-for First Sea Lord and chief of defense staff. He lost close to the Royal Family, being the Queen's brother-in-law, Prince Charles's favorite uncle and something of a godfather for the whole Royal Family. His advice was sought and given.

And at the end, the only person ever to be interviewed on his own celebrity program by the BBC. He said that he accepted that death would come. He hoped it would be "peaceful" and "lighted." It was neither.

Warren Greider



has been interned several times on both sides of the border. "I'd," as he is generally known, at the oldest (he has 70) republican internment, and more recently a vice-president of the Provisional Sinn Féin, the political wing of the Irish Republican Army.

British intelligence is understood to consider his nephew Francis as one of the IRA's most expert bomb-makers. McNamee is believed to be unknown to them. An Irish spokesman in London said he hoped the speedy arrests would help to quieten criticism about the lack of cross-border co-operation in the hunt for IRA terrorists. But the pressure is on Lynch, who has agreed to meet Thatcher to discuss the situation in Northern Ireland after McNamee's funeral, which both planned to attend at Westminster Abbey on Wednesday.

For the past week in London, meanwhile, Ireland dominated Thatcher's weekly cabinet meeting and Scotland Yard prepared to mount massive police security for the funeral, to be attended by the Queen, her family and about 100 guests including representatives of Commonwealth and foreign governments. A BBC report that suggested an IRA "strike" got had been in Britain for months planning a new bombing campaign on the mainland was greeted by Scotland Yard with tight-lipped silence.

Now, more than ever, McNamee's death has brought home the fact that the war in Northern Ireland has escalated to a new level. The British Army itself admits as much in a top-secret document which fell into IRA hands earlier this year. The report warned that Irish terrorists within the next five years will have sophisticated anti-aircraft and anti-tank weapons, including a Soviet-made shoulder-launched surface-to-air missile. The terrorists have

Meaning: McNamee's funeral will be the first since the 1968-70 Belfast Troubles. The prime minister's office announced that neither Sir Denis nor Governor General Kilmer (left) would attend the funeral. They would only attend the funeral of a British soldier who died in the conflict.



60 years of terror

The Irish Republican Army (IRA) has been waging guerrilla warfare almost continuously since it was formed in 1918. The year Ireland entered a war of independence with Britain. While its use of force compelled the British to negotiate a political settlement, ending Irish Free State with dominion status in 1922, a further of

the IRA opposed the agreement and broke away. Known as the 'Irregulars', they engaged the new government, unsuccessfully, in civil war (1922-23).

Spurious violence continued during the Second World War until 1946 when the Irish Free State became a republic and the IRA lost its legal rights in Northern Ireland. Although it had gained support among Irish Catholics by the late 1950s, the use of violence against another split in the IRA was

1969. This time, it was divided into "officers" and "provisional" wings.

The militant minority proved the provocation: the group that had been considered responsible for the McNamee explosion as well as two other bombings that killed 10 British soldiers in the same day. The 13-year war has resulted in nearly 2,000 deaths, 6,000 bomb blasts and 300 deaths among 100,000 British. The year since, 50 British regular army troops have been killed by the Provisional IRA.

already become sophisticated in the use of bombs—those are the sniper days—which are detected by radio transmitters with multi-sensors from a distance of several miles.

The IRA's contacts with other international terrorist groups have proved useful, but not essential. The Palestinian Liberation Organisation is friendly and has provided weapons and training. There are contacts with ETA (Basques) in Spain and co-operation with other urban terrorists in Europe has led to attacks on British bases there. In the past, the IRA has received arms and funds, especially from the United States, but also from sources in Canada, Australia and New Zealand. As the violence has grown, however, the traditional foreign support has dwindled. The IRA has continued to finance by robbing banks in both Northern and Southern Ireland. The take was \$24 million from banks in the South last year.

There are equally dangerous groups on the Protestant side. Both the Ulster Defence Association and the Ulster Volunteer Force have carried out dozens of killings in retaliation for IRA violence. Many of the victims were innocent Catholics, which is perhaps one reason why Pope John Paul II has cancelled his visit to Ulster this month.

In military terms, perhaps, the IRA has had a successful 10 years, but the purpose of the violence—to get the British out of Ireland—seems no nearer than it was a decade ago. And the ultimate aim of a united Ireland may actually be further away than if the IRA had never got a shot.

With files from Bob Redwood, Brendan Kennelly in Belfast, Carol Kennedy in London

Havana

A fist in the gauntlet?

For the Sandinista revolution, fresh from the leftist revolution in Nicaragua and still wearing battle fatigues and boots, strolled into Havana's elite nightclub, La Trojeana, one evening last late week. They were immediately given a show-stopping standing ovation by the Cuban clientele and their guests from the Third World now cranking the Cuban capital for the sixth summit conference of "solidarity" nations: Africans and Asians, East Europeans and Latins, all clamored and cheered as the Sandinistas were led to a table at the front of the house, so close to the dancing girls that they actually had to duck when the high-heeled chorus line went through its paces.

A little later, as the guerrillas signed their old Cuban beer, some of the delegates from farming countries were asked why they had applauded so enthusiastically. "Well, to tell you the truth," said one grumpy Cuban, "I do not know that much about these people. But the Cubans are our hosts and they were invited, so I thought it just polite to follow their suit."

The significance of this brotherhood in the Caribbean may have global implications this week as Cuba's 50-year-old Fidel Castro and 87-year-old Josep Ben



Fidel and Castro reviewing the troops in Havana: brotherhood in the tropics

Tito, the indefatigable president of Yugoslavia, fight it out for leadership and influence within that remarkable and powerful organization. At stake are the diplomatic contacts of 96 countries, ranging alphabetically from Afghanistan to Zambia—two-thirds of the world's nations and a third of its people. Who was the tactic for central is important to the West. Should Castro's power as a politician—win, he will attempt to bring the nonaligned countries firmly within the Soviet sphere. The chairman, Tito, on the other hand, will try to keep them as free from US and Soviet interference as possible.

But the fact that the drama is being played out in Castro's home ground is already giving him influence, especially over small and undecided nations. As the incident in La Trojeana showed, many countries are simply tempted to follow the lead of the host. Also, Castro, as chairman of the summit and chair head of the organization for the next three years, is in a perfect position to control policies and planning.

The first test is what promises to be a hectic night as the next week before the delegates arrived for the meeting, when they were sent the first draft of a "declaration" that Cuba as host country had the privilege of preparing.

It was a stringent, roughing-out of the U.S. A 30-point list, prepared by the Yugoslavs with delegates from India, Indonesia, Kuwait and Singapore, stressed the organization's post-independent nature, but it was completely ignored. Castro, Foreign Minister Antonio Maldonado wanted the delegates that "the United States and China are trying to split our ranks."

The document said remarks were issued that the U.S. felt compelled to ask Moscow if, in fact, there was a Soviet "sit in the gauntlet." The Kremlin



replied that it had no part in the situation and that Cuba was acting independently. But US diplomats in Havana point out that the Soviets are now subsidizing Cuba at a rate of \$6 million (US \$) to \$12 million a day. And it was hardly nonsensical that as the battle raged in Havana, Brother Frank Church called a press conference in Washington to say that the US had proof that up to 3,000 Soviet combat troops are now stationed in Cuba. The Cubans denied the charge.

For the aged Tito, there is more to the fight than the future of the non-aligned nations group he helped establish in 1961. For years he has used the organization as a shield against Soviet intervention in his own country. Sandinista leaders fall into two camps after his eventual death, it is inevitable that the Soviets would attempt to exert more influence there.

This week Castro will be showing off his nation—and the specially built 100,000 conference centre just outside Havana—to other leaders, many of whose homelands are in dire economic straits. They may leave with a fine impression of Soviet generosity, for the rights and statistics do seem at first glance to be impressive. But in 1978, however, it is the real hard trading will nonetheless be done "in some back-room talk between Castro and Tito."

William Leathers

Sharing goodies to the sound of music

Soprano Ma Ping charmed U.S. Vice-President Walter Mondale with a specially rehearsed duet called *I Love the Rose of Peace*. Two other singers followed with Western songs to entertain the highest ranking U.S. delegation to visit Peking since normalization of relations eight months ago. Then, 51-year-old Mondale sat through an entire opera, entitled *Shanghai the Magic Herb*. All the serenading led Mondale to joke to Vice-Premier Deng Xiaoping the next day that he had

heard "two classical Chinese songs—*Jungle Bulls* and *Do-Re-Mi*." But if the two leaders were listening to different songs, they were both tapping to the same political rhythm which sent dissonant vibes to both Moscow and Hanoi.

Mondale pushed U.S. policy significantly ahead by enveloping China in a vague U.S. global umbrella. In a speech televised to the Chinese people, the U.S. vice-president noted that Washington was "committed" to joining with China "to advance our many parallel strategic and bilateral interests." "Then," he declared, "any nation which seeks to weaken or isolate you in world affairs assumes a stance contrary to American interests." While far from any notion of a definite Washington-Peking alliance, this was the strongest statement yet on

the Carter administration's determination to play its China card forcefully. The only Deng was delighted. And, while Mondale brought no changes in U.S. support of the nationalist regime in Taiwan—a continuing irritant to Peking—he did have a handful of other goodies for the Chinese Communists.

After 12 hours of talks with the Chinese vice-premier and a top-level chat with Party Chairman Hua Guofeng, Mondale emerged to declare that Washington does not plan to recognize Vietnam. He also even-handedly refused any support for either the ousted China-backed regime of Pao Pao in Kampuchea or the ruling Heng Samrin regime which the Vietnamese back. But from "the global perspective," which Deng had urged before the discussions, the Chinese were well satisfied. Washing-



Mondale and Deng, rather obvious timing.

ton's news on Vietnam closely paralleled Peking's.

To make the occasion even sweeter, Mondale carried President Jimmy Carter's invitation to Premier Huo to visit

the U.S. next year. He also announced that the U.S. would provide up to \$2 billion to help finance China's moderniza-

tion program during the next five years, and signed a protocol on U.S. aid for Chinese hydroelectric development. And, to the delight of his hosts, Mondale said that President Carter would send the China trade agreement to Congress before the end of the year—a move which should grant China most-favored-nation status.

Deng, no doubt, smiled smiling at the rather obvious timing of the U.S. overtures. Next month, Chinese and Soviet vice-fairing ministers are to meet in Moscow and the Soviet Union will get a chance to play its China card. For Washington, the one-upmanship might seem like a simple do-re-mi scale, but to the more intricate minds of Peking's leadership the tone may sound much more like *Shanghai the Magic Herb*.

Harold E. Elmer

THE EXPORT EDGE

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Carter licks his wounds

By Ian Urquhart

President Jimmy Carter made a ferry ride to the South last week to pick political cotton. Once considered a fortress of strength for the Georgia-born president, even the South has looked pregameable in recent months. So Carter took the opportunity to do some politicking in Georgia and Florida before heading home to Plains, Georgia, to rest and contemplate a summer that may have wrecked his chances for re-election.

Carter stopped first in Atlanta, where he had served as governor for four years, to make an appeal for an end to the conflict between U.S. blacks and Jews, raging since Carter, under pressure from Jewish voters, scripted the resignation of Andrew Young as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations in the wake of a surreptitious meeting with a Palestinian observer. Said Carter: "Black Americans and Jewish Americans have worked side-by-side for generations in the service of human rights, social justice and the general welfare. Both groups have suffered too much pain, too much persecution, too much bigotry to compound that suffering in any way."



Carter (right) and his wife in Tampa; a long hot summer of discontent

Carter acted as the adviser of Stuart Eizenstat, his top domestic-policy adviser, who had suggested that he speak out on the Young affair, which was dividing the nation as well as the Middle East. While many blacks blamed the Jews for fanning the resignation of Young, many Jews were annoyed that a U.S. official would even consider talking to the Palestinian representative. The disaffection of blacks and Jews could be politically disastrous for Carter.

That night Carter flew as in Tampa for some strong talks on U.S. energy at a houseboat town meeting. He was generally well received, with one exception: a pair of hecklers who claimed to represent the Revolutionary Communist Party. They were booed by the audience and ejected by the Secret Service.

Then it was as in Plains to ponder the votes of the summer. Starting with the cancellation of his July 5 address to the nation on energy, it was a season when nothing could go right for Carter. When he finally did speak on energy—38 days later—he was effective. But he quickly lessened the impact of his words with a hotbed cabinet shuffle that totally overshadowed his energy speech. Just when the future over that shuffle had subsided the Young affair erupted. Then, last week, when it seemed things could get no worse, Hamilton Jordan, Carter's chief of staff, was accused of sexing routine.

But if it was any consolation to Carter, some of his chief rivals for the presidency were having their own problems. California Governor Jerry Brown, expected to challenge Carter for the Presi-

dential nomination, was being blasted in the press for his association with left-wing celebrities Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden and there were no signs his campaign was taking off.

Republican front-runner Ronald Reagan was also in trouble with the loss last week of Lyn Nofziger, a key aide, from his campaign staff. Nofziger apparently disagreed with other campaign staffers who want to moderate Reagan's hard, right-wing image to appeal to voters at the centre of the political spectrum.

It is Senator Edward Kennedy, however, who concerns Carter the most, even though Kennedy has not been campaigning. He spent the month of August relaxing at Cape Cod and has only one public engagement outside Washington scheduled in the next two months. But, while the national reaction to the President, his activities match on Death-Kennedy campaigns have begun in 30-odd states across the nation and he has done nothing to discourage them. It appears Kennedy can have the nomination of his own mind.

To meet the challenge from Kennedy, Brown, Reagan and others, Carter is working hard on his presidential image. But he will be confronted by problems of government, not image, when he returns from Plains to Washington this week. The Senate will resume arguing over his salt treaty with the Soviet Union, and Congress has yet to pass his proposed windfall profits tax on the oil companies. He must also deal with a stagnating economy and may face more criticism in oil supplies from Arab countries. It is a daunting list of troubles—one that may cause Carter to look back fondly on the summer just past.



Stan Kenton at Toronto's York University (below) and below at Ontario Place, as portrayed as lesser champagne glasses

The final bars of Artistry in Rhythm

By Peter C. Newman

When Stanley Newman's Kenton died in his 80th year at a Hollywood hotel last week he was like a lion in winter—defiant in his aging but well beyond his prime.

During the late 1940s and early '50s, Kenton's orchestra was the biggest jazz attraction in the world. Though he kept his sound evolving and his band traveling, Kenton spent the last decade of his life caretaking around the apartment, still making concerts but occasionally reduced to playing one-night stands at shopping centre openings, music nightclubs and other teen music pits on the American road.

He lived for 36 years on a band bus.

suffering the vagabond's indignities of little sleep and bad food, drinking a million cups of triple coffee and eating all that stale Danish, dealing with the greedy souls of wealthy guests while having to prep up musicians trying to dredge new sounds out of exhausted psyches.

His humor never deserted him. I was once aboard his big orange bus when he wouldn't allow it to start until "Cen!" was barked on board.

"Who's Cen?" I asked.

"He's the ghost howdy who's been with us for months. Why, he's crossed the country on this bus."

"How do you know it's a ghost?"

"Because his name is 'Cen!' Did you ever hear of a chick named 'Cen!'?"

The best of the Kenton scene sounded as if they might have been born out of a late 19th-century novel, like the opera fantasies from his 10 years of brass conceptions by the deep-monthed equality of the smoothest symphonic section in the business. His own piano sides, all duos and whippers, had a sparkle, there's a glint in the music's quality about them. He could transform Stravinsky's *Swan Lake* into the *Closest* into a lyrical statement about contemporary social values, his version of *Blue's That Jazz Day* became a love poem, its chord structure as poignant as the touch of lesser champagne glasses.

Kenton's many critics claimed his concerts were about as spontaneous as a



ethical man. The unfire Mort Sahl captured his tendency toward the pretentious with the line, "When Stan Kenton spills a cup of coffee, he doesn't say 'Somebody help me clean this up.' He says, 'Look, I have created a mess!'"

It certainly wasn't meant to make him look like he didn't always vomit. "There are many more emotions that can be portrayed and felt in jazz than just swinging," Kenton maintained. "For some reason the critics haven't been able to communicate with my band. But I don't worry about it. Most of that crap I just let go in one eye and out the other."

The orchestra's final incarnation was a powerhouse of sound, pioneering time signatures seldom used in jazz to give the music hard-edged, asymmetrical syncretism. In a number called *Amber-alveus*, for example, the band switches from a complex 5/4 cadence to a good-old 30/16 time, then back again. He exploited the abstractness of his strategy—fusing, harmony, phrasing—to define big band jazz as a hot, existential music with a touch of class.

Kenton's followers were fervid in their loyalty, gladly driving 200 miles to hear a concert, attempting to make one another with their knowledge of Kenton lore. They would never in wrapping such trivia in the name of the Catholic member of the trumpet section who crossed himself before taking the alto sax solo on *Arriving in Boston* during the band's Sept. 28, 1953, concert at the Theater Square in Dublin.

Stan Kenton's musical legacy in his 127 albums. They encompass just about every musical form known to man, including his versions of Wagner operas. Equally important an inheritance are the numerous young musicians he inspired at the jazz clinics he held at universities and high schools.

The roots of the musical art form Kenton helped create are dying with him. Duke Ellington is long in his grave, only the orchestra led by Woody Sherman, Count Basie, Maynard Ferguson and Buddy Rich survive on the road. Soon merely the ghost bands will remain, modeled as the Glenn Miller septet whose leader vanished over the English Channel nearly four decades ago.

But for those of us who followed his career and admired his music, the Kenton sound will never replace the Kenton presence. His passing marks not just the close of a musical era but a kind of death in the family. "What we play is life," Louis Armstrong once said about jazz, and that was exactly the affinity we felt with Stan Kenton's music—the lustre and elegance, its rage and its undiluted promise. ☐

BY GREGG GARDNER

Delaware

Our father, who art on TV

I took Father Bernard Pagano just four days to step from the defense table in a law court to a seat on a nationally televised talk show. The 63-year-old priest, assigned last March as the "ecclesiastical bandit" for publicly holding up six Delaware retail stores and then dramatically clearing when another man confessed to the crimes, last week emerged as a sought-after star on the U.S. celebrity circuit.

Pagano's turnaround came after 29-year-old Ronald Cramer confessed to the robberies. Cramer, who had pleaded guilty to three similar crimes in Pennsylvania last year, said he came forward because he felt "guilty" about Pagano. The priest had quietly and modestly proclaimed his innocence, and his parishioners at St. Mary's Redemptorist Church in Cambridge, Maryland, raised thousands of dollars for his defense. As soon as prosecution lawyers dropped their case, despite the fact that Cramer had failed a police lie-detector test of his self-alleged guilt, Pagano was swamped with interview requests, as well as offers to journey his story in movie and book form.

While Pagano went off on a non-stop circuit of eastern interviews, which included an appearance on ABC's *Good Morning America*, his lawyers began fielding the reported requests. Before the

priest could consider any offer, however, he must contend with a charge against him in Pennsylvania for a robbery Feb. 22. But Delaware County Chief Deputy District Attorney John Cruise says that the case is being reinstated in light of the Cramer confession.

The defense attorneys that helped clear the priest was worthy of Perry Mason. The defense team was led on Cramer's trial based on the fact that he and the priest resemble each other enough to produce uncannily similar composite sketches from witnesses' descriptions. Pagano had been identified from such sketches by victims, but his lawyers maintained it was a case of mistaken identity. An anonymous tip three days into the priest's 2½-week trial heightened suspicion about Cramer, which were confirmed by his sudden confession.

If ever a priest aroused suspicion, it was Pagano. The tall, chain-smoking paragon lives with a widow he claims is his sister, although records show Dean Dorman and Pagano were born with different names. Together, they operate a profit-making funeral on their \$30,000, two-acre spread. As well, Pagano has been chastised by the Wilmington diocese for trying to charge a fee for counseling, and he once sought a teaching job based on advanced degrees he claimed from three universities which had no record of him.

Cramer, meanwhile, has left his job with the Wilmington, Delaware, post office and is free on \$30,000 bail. Father Pagano, meanwhile, true to his real vocation, has offered to share his own \$20,000 defense fund with the newly confessed "ecclesiastical bandit."

Clare Walter

Pagano: celebrating his new innocence



Treat your guests royally.

At 32, Winnipeg songbird **Berton Cummings** feels he has finally "arrived." The grand old man of *The Grassie* who banded together with his CBC *Supersound* which will be broadcast next November, and the fans couldn't stop screaming. The duo was even more heartfick at St. John's High School, Cummings' alma mater, where he reunited with his first quarter, *The Dearest*, and sent the entire gymnasium packed with joyous cheering half his age into raring bubble-gum fits. Casual, comfortable and sporting a less-than-adequate midriff bulge, Cummings seems to be mellowing with age, though he is still hypersensitive to criticism. Recent rave reviews pleased, surprised and irritated him simultaneously. "For 15 years the press had nothing good to say. Now they decide I'm the best voice in rock 'n' roll. Well, I could have told them that," he says with a toss of his head, braced back.

Cummings: leading bubble-gum parade

Sigmund Freud held that a person's emotional development ends at the age of 5. Toronto psychiatrist **Tom Verry** would add three months to Freud's calculations. "From six months on, the embryo child is capable of thoughts and feelings. Furthermore, everything it experiences is permanently recorded in its memory," says Verry, 44, who bases his mature theories on seven years of research involving 300 patients who, he says, were able to recall their life before birth through "perinatal therapy." Verry will fully explain the reasons he believes we form opinions before we can breathe on our own in a book titled *The Psychic Life of the Embryo*, which he is billing as "the first prenatal psychology book." The subject has proved so topical that US publishers embarked on a bidding war for the property, which resulted in a \$150,000 advance for Verry and co-author **John Kary**. It was one of the largest hard-cover advances ever received by a Canadian author. Fortunately, the book itself was in its embryonic stages when it was purchased. Verry received his perinatal advance on the basis of an subtitle and just one chapter.

The idea of a dance horror flick that takes place on the night of the senior prom doesn't jar **Jennie Lee Curtis**. "The atmosphere of high school can be incredibly cruel," says the 29-year-old daughter of **Joan Lefkowitz** and **Tommy Curtis**, who seems to be making a career out of horror. Her first film, *Halloween*, dealt with murder and mayhem on trick-or-treat night, she followed that with the soon-to-be-released chiller, *The Fog*, and she's currently working on *Prom Night*, which features a bewitching teenager who battles to the tune of *The Bee Gees*. Curtis herself has few fond memories of her school days and admits that having to handle before the camera in a high-school gym in Des Moines, Ontario, makes her feel "like a student again—trapped." After one year at Beverly Hills High School, she left because "it wasn't like it [Pamela Anderson attends] eleven times more than An, B, or C, so on their reports." A chain of schools followed until she decided that acting was probably "the best kind of escape." Unlike many children of Hollywood, Curtis had the full support of her parents when she decided to enter the effulgent business. "They were proud, just as a plumber would be, that I wanted to do what they had chosen for themselves."

Curtis: beware horror hoopties

Calgary schoolteacher **Sandy Dwyer** dropped by the post office this summer to buy some stamps, and did a double take when she noticed an announcement about a new stamp. The 17-cent stamp, which commemorates the World Field Hockey Championship held last month in Vancouver, depicts two women players in action. One of the players is none other than Dwyer, the 28-year-old captain of the Canadian women's team, who appears despite a post-office rule that no living person can share billing with the Royal Family on Canadian stamps. *The Discovery* that Dwyer is recognizable has caused some consternation within post-office circles, since they have had to admit that their strict *Jonathan Ross* did not allow the figures beyond recognition as was intended. Dwyer, however, is quite pleased. "Most people won't know it's me, but I'm going to send lots and lots of letters."

The flower of the Montreal Canadiens, **Oley Lefkow**, always finds interesting ways to spend his off-ice hours. His current idea of relaxing is riding his new Harley-Davidson at breakneck speed in his Ferns, which has left him little time for his past passions—poetry and bubble baths. Lefkow is hot for dance, too. "Sometimes I dance, but mostly I just watch people I dance on the ice instead," says the well-groomed right winger. He must know something about dancing, however, because this month he makes his disco recording debut with an album designed to teach byes how to shake their shins in time to his instructional voice-over. Also for the chil-

dren, Lefkow will be bringing out a series of tellerzies which feature hockey-puck song. For older fans, he has a Lefkow has a collection and fragrance line. "It was terrible, there were 25 different kinds," he says of his month-long "sniff test" ordered to find the perfect scent to wear his No. 18 signature.

Charismatic actress **Lorraine Gary** is the matriarch of a thousand families. She has appeared in more than 70 TV shows, always as the mother, sister or wife, and followed that up by playing **Key Scheller's** wife in *Jones and Jones II*. "I would love to be cast as a seductress at 62," says the blonde-matron. Currently as mum in *Just Men and Me*, Red with step-grandson **George Hearn**, Gary came closer to her goal by playing **Bernie's** giggling daughter but found the role immensely empty because of "just an my part and disinterested on my part." The misfire syndrome is hard to break, claims Gary, whose next role is in the long-awaited *Steve's* *Upstairs* comedy, 1984. Her role? A housewife under siege.

The latest contestant in the **Ottawa** *Newsweek* look-alike proceedings is 26-year-old **Olivia Foley**, who after the initial shock of their nearly identical grins ends, so does the comparison. Foley is a Missouri rocker with a range somewhere between **Radi Smith** and **Linda Ronstadt**. Her first hit broke came when she was featured on **Mud** **Lead's** Kelly album *But Out of Hell* and since then she has struck out on her own with an album called *Nightbird*. Though it has only been released for a few weeks, it's expected to go-gold in Japan, where Foley has become a star.

what of a cult figure. "Having blonde hair is a real phase in Japan," explains Foley, who claims she takes on character on stage to express her sexual and emotional self. Though she did New Wave music too. "Tonsur," Foley is attracted by the outrageous nature of punk music. "In New York there's a punk singer who picks up a can of spray and starts to drink it. Green slime comes out of the can and oozes over his body," she recalls with good enthusiasm. "It's great to be entertained, but I don't throw any green slime."

It's no official secret that Montreal entrepreneur **Peter Treu** is having a hard time making right over these days. In 1971 an inner ridding party took 300 pounds of paper from Treu's basement and found that about 18 pounds of it were classified material. Treu claimed he had been authorized to have the stuff but that, unbeknownst to him, his security clearance to work on NATO projects had been lifted three months earlier. The court case, conviction and subsequent vindication as appeal rose. Treu almost \$300,000 and contributed to the breakup of his marriage. Now "completely disillusioned with Canada," 38-year-old Treu is working as a sales manager for International Telephone & Telegraph Canada Ltd. In his off-hours he is making \$100,000 in federal compensation for his actual *Justice Minister Jacques Fournier* is expected to rule on Treu's compensation shortly. Treu says he will sue if it isn't forthcoming, claiming "I didn't violate the Official Secrets Act—the government violated me."

Edited by **Harsha Boudin**

Lefkow: well-groomed for disco

Foley: punky Olivia Newkiss-Johns





Koffler and Manning and (below) Koffler. British capacity for personal vanity

a clear lead in the exploding cosmetics market that its competitors may never be able to catch up.

For Murray Koffler himself, the left-hunt, 55-year-old pharmacist/entrepreneur who founded the Shoppers chain 11 years ago (controlling just over one-third of the parent Koffler Stores Limited stock until its take-over last year for about \$40 million by U.K.-controlled Innesco Ltd, the tobacco-food-drug conglomerate), it was merely another feather in a long line of lavishly planned bets.

Along with building Shoppers Drug from one store to a national chain with sales last year of close to \$500 million, Koffler was also one of three co-founders of Canada's Four Seasons hotel chain. Among other ventures is 440-acre horse farm north of Toronto, its honorary (P.D.) directorships on the Canada Development Corp. and the Toronto Symphony, chairmanship of the Council of Drug Abuse and an invitation to Princess Anne's wedding (he won). With a large personal fortune and immense personal charm, Koffler enjoys a high reputation both for his business acumen and his community work.

But you don't get rich just by throwing big parties. Shoppers' failure in the Beautiful '90s—though paid for by Innesco—was a calculated promotion tactic closely linked with Koffler's plan to boost Shoppers' cosmetic sales by nearly 100 per cent in more than \$100 million by the end of Beautiful 1990—the first step in a five-year plan that will eventually see cosmetics occupying fully 50 per cent of Shoppers' total

sales, by then projected to be \$1 billion.

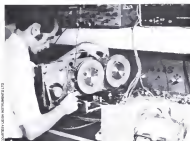
Shoppers' president, Jack Gervin, is quick to admit that cosmetics sales represent "the real growth area of the company—and for the drug retailing industry as a whole." During the past decade, outstripping both prescription drugs and personal hygiene products. For Shoppers, these increased sales will come not only from stealing business away from traditional competitors—especially the department stores—but also from creating entirely new markets that never existed before. Who is to be the new market? "Mr. and Mrs. Canada," says Koffler. "The average people who never realized before that they could make themselves beautiful." ♦

Fortune and men's lives

"I'm afraid Mr. Stancic is no longer with us." The receptionist could hardly answer details of Robert Stancic's sudden death, chief executive of Leigh Instruments Ltd, the Ottawa electronics firm he helped found 18 years earlier—the inevitable accident in a public shareholders' meeting. While Stancic could not have known that a crawling 80 per cent of the company's shareholder votes would demand a change in management, he nevertheless entered the meeting knowing that his opposition—fueled by intense dissatisfaction with the company's poor performance during the past two years while competitors were booming—expressed a formidable array of electronics industry experts. Accepting defeat graciously, he wished good fortune to his successor (whose performance in the months ahead will no doubt affect the value of his own five per cent holding of Leigh's shares) and moved out to make way for the only man whose link with Leigh Instruments is greater than his own.

John Shepherd did not arrive last week in the new chairman of Leigh. Rather, he returned. Knowledgeable, industrious, industrial strategist and, with Stancic, a co-founder of Leigh, Shepherd had served as chairman and president of the company for more than 10 years until a similar management upheaval at the company five years ago saw him depose in favor of Stancic. Keeping himself in the intervening years as executive director, then vice-chairman, of the Science Council of Canada and, more recently, as vice-president of the Canadian Institute for Aerospace Policy (Walker Institute's think tank

which played on the Toronto Stock Exchange but which sold of 10-10 stock making Stancic's own stock \$1.4 million.



Leigh's volatile equipment and (below) Shepherd. Ruled by dissatisfaction

charged with restoring health to Canada's ailing manufacturing industry). 50-year-old Shepherd admits—the fact that his Leachline account is the only thing moderating the enthusiasm of his speech—that he was "totally surprised" when a powerful dissenting shareholder approached him last spring to offer his help in reorganizing Leigh's management. Together, Shepherd and Herb Abramson, a 58-year-old Toronto lawyer and investor who had acquired a key 19-per-cent interest in the company, painstakingly put together a roster of directors and managers which, they believe, will turn Leigh into one of the most aggressive—and profitable—electronics firms in the country within the next two years.

The fact that Leigh has seen two chairmen, depose within the past five years shows the company's shaky future. Though some of its earlier disappointments can be attributed to the abnormal climate for high-technology industries in Canada during the 1980s and early '90s, Shepherd says the new mood is one of boom and growth, supported by a significant shift in government policy, and that Leigh—which manufactures specialized equipment ranging from post-office sorting systems to airplane flight data recorders in use around the world—now has the chance, with new management, to move ahead bravely as a leader in badly needed Canadian high technology.

"I came originally in history and politics and met science—Shepherd explains his own success by "the new one feeds for something you don't understand." First awe. Then understanding. Then influence. Anthony Whitham



A case of demand exceeding supply

"I've got competition wants to stuff the duck chairs on the Thank, it's up to them," notes Ted Meland, president of Wood Gundy Ltd., Canada's leading investment dealer. When you have nearly double the seats of your nearest rival, you can perhaps afford to ignore the competition, or at least give the impression.

But this move is difficult to ignore. Thomas Korman—disfranchised as senior vice-president, at the Toronto stock-breaking firm of Polfeld Mackay Ross Ltd—has accepted a gift-edged offer from arch-rival Meland Young Woe Ltd to move in as vice-chairman early next month. That next movers of co-

Business

Tinseltown and the lip-gloss decade

By Anthony Whitham

At the Beautiful '90s The Look-at-the-Decade just around the corner. Who can bear to wait? For Shoppers Drug Mart, the Beautiful '90s have already begun—undered in last week by gold and Cumberland sauce, white asparagus and glazed kangaroo. Style Glosser. Lip gloss. Skin managers. Cosmetics pencils. Wrinkle erasers. It will be a "glorious day," rhymed Shoppers' founder and chairman, Murray B. Koffler, when "we will know that 'beauty' has joined the battle of 'health and fitness' for which Shoppers Drug Mart scores have always been known, and we will become the consistency center that protects and nurtures the health, fitness and beauty of all its citizens."

It was an announcement in Toronto devoted to almost unprecedented indulgence in narcissism and hyperbole—a

staggering display by Canada's largest drug-retailing chain of the nation's presently limitless capacity for personal vanity. It was, in the words of one of the scores of hardwired and ostentatious jangling the town hears at Koffler's expensive last week, "utterly mad."

Underneath all the sheen and gloss, however, something quite hardwired was happening. A lavish three-day extravaganza—featuring fashion shows, cosmetic fairs, beauty booths which stretched for acres and a banquet for "a prestigious group of superstars in the 'Beautiful People' world," including Guy Lefebvre, Miss Universe and Margaret Onizuka—up—last week's "Salute to the Beautiful '90s" was a marketing coup for Shoppers Drug Mart. At a cost of nearly \$750,000, Shoppers (with nearly 400 outlets, the runaway leader in Canadian drug merchandising) not only projected a major new trend in retail buying habits but possibly secured such



oilmen throughout the stock-exchange industry were stability is seen to, or greater than, goldmines. With four other Bay Street firms (Pitfield, along with A.E. Ames Co. Ltd., Dominion Securities Ltd. and Barron Fry Ltd.) jockeying with WTV for the No. 2 position behind Wood Gundy, Kierans' move may have changed the landscape—particularly in the lucrative area of energy underwriting.

Thomas Kierans has spent his two-decade career in the conservative blue suit of investment banking, following the political tides and philosophies of his father, former Liberal cabinet minister Eric Kierans. For a brief period a first adviser to the Ontario government, George Hydon and the World Bank, Thomas Kierans is credited with convincing Nobel Thompson to resign his post during an earlier regime and, *ex post*, made an overvaluing difference to the Pitfield firm. At least one voice disagrees with that legendary image. "He controlled as much and no more than five or 30 others," says Chairman Ward Pitfield. "But he has a mystique built around him. The faint whiff of discord." Mentioning misundersandings between Ward and myself made me wince," admits Kierans.

"To relax, and buy time and perspective," he took a sabbatical from Pitfield last May, accepting the chairmanship of the Ontario Economic Council from Premier William Davis. Since Bay Street refused demands that a competitor is never approached directly, the issue of absence was all the competitors



Advertisement

Kierans: bid for oca and one for oil

wend—three brokerage houses began openly jockeying, along with both the Ontario and Federal governments (the latter through Prime Minister Clark's office). Now that Kierans has finally decided on WTV, some detractors are depicting him as an opportunist, joining the firm just at a time when its two most senior executives are about to retire. But Kierans is more generally admired for his keen intellect and ready grasp of complex issues. As for his own reasons for choosing WTV, which he calls "my last home," he says he has "always regarded them as the most innovative and aggressive firm in corporate finance in Canada."

Undoubtedly, WTV is gathering momentum. The firm has already demonstrated to become a leader in energy expertise and has attracted the industry's brightest and best. President Austin Taylor, 48, with practical industry experience and B.C. political connections, is flanked in partnership by two other energy specialists, oil analyst Frank Kozicki and Vice-President Louis X. de Souza. Canada's representative for the petroleum and chemical industry to the OECD (Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development). Also joined by Kierans, the "all for one and one for all" cry of these four Bay Street mucketeers is appropriate. Several major projects totaling billions of dollars are yet to be financed, and the management firm alone will be four or five per cent for the fortunate underwriters. Those include the two waste (\$5 billion), Alaska Northstar gas pipelines (\$14 billion), Imperial Oil's Cold Lake project (\$6 billion) and the heavy oil upgrading plant at Lloydminster (\$2 billion). Such high stakes are underlaid by a singular spirit at Bay Street, and old-school loyalties and adherence to an arcane code of ethics are disappearing. "Canadians are slower to sever established ties than our American counterparts," says Taylor, "but competition breeds a new professionalism with which everyone benefits."

Back at Pitfield, some strategic action may be necessary to keep abreast. After WTV's announcement, speculation Kierans' departure may precipitate a ripple effect with more personnel changes, including even a possible Pitfield merger with Dominion Securities. While both companies categorically deny any merger discussions, the gossip-mongering persists, causing some to wonder whether another rash of mergers—such as the wave that enveloped the brokerage industry back in the mid-1980s—may be around the corner. At the very least, it is unclear whether the Kierans "head" will remain for them, the No. 2 position—and the corresponding financial rewards.

Mike Maccheth



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One more piece for the pipe

The Alaska highway rule that pipeline sponsors when they get the go-ahead is already producing a draft is serving notice that as with Mark Tien, the industry was premature. Last week the ruling pipeline was an important ruling from the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission in Washington that could even lead to a full recovery.

The pipeline would bring Alaskan natural gas (oil) to be combined with the oil pipeline (Mackinac St. 3, 1973) as approved by the U.S. Midwest and private an intended 60,000 bbl per day to Canada's U.S. Pipeline. The company says that the project is already two years behind schedule because of regulatory delays and errors for delivery of the 26 billion cubic feet of Alaskan gas (oil) and half of total Canadian reserves. It has insisted that the pipeline will be built "without a delay." But Carter's words ring in its ears. The rule decided last week to amend its own June

ruling that had severely restricted the amount of gas that pipeline sponsors could move—using their Foothills Pipe Lines of Calgary in Washington (the decision's a cleverly positive step).

The new ruling will help the pipeline sponsors when they get the go-ahead. The writer is also money for the project, the biggest ever undertaken by private enterprise. As an additional boost, the CER's establishment is using its muscle on the free bag of companies that own the gas in Alaska—Exxon, Shell and Arco—to give their help in the financing of the pipeline. (The writer is to share some of the costs.) To date, the companies have remained aloof from the project, preferring to let Foothills and its partners take the risk. Adding further weight to that, the rule has said the oil companies must bear the full cost (nearly \$2 billion) of conditioning the gas (producing it for pipeline only by churning out the oil company's oil). That ruling may change, but only if the companies agree to share some of the risk of building the pipeline—either way, it's good to Foothills and the other pipeline sponsors.

Ian Vignarort

Vancouver's core creator

By Thomas Hoggins

A t its most elemental it is a football field of cool green glass rising to the street from a height of seven stories, dressed by three raspy waterfalls. It is airy and stylish and it presents a new leafy core to the city of Vancouver. After six years of planning and \$168 million, Vancouver's new 30-courtroom Law Courts building opens this week, complementing the year-old Bonsor Square complex of skating rink, restaurants and government offices. Together they create what Mayor Jack Vohries terms a "great stimulus to downtown Vancouver."

The controversial architect of the project harkens around the site days before the opening in a dress-colored suit that blends with the concrete he calls "the marble of the 21st century." He is Vancouver-born Arthur Erickson, 54, whose major projects have included Simon Fraser University, the University of British Columbia's Museum of Anthropology, Expo 67's Max in the Community building and the Olympic pavilion at Expo 76 in Osaka, Japan. Small and elegant, he is a man-child who runs from one job to the other, exploding out of meetings, habitually late and hurrying down corridors. "He spreads himself too thin," lament one colleague, but Erickson is unapologetic, jetting off to Kuwait, China, New York or London. He made certain, though, that he would be in Vancouver. Says the Law Courts opening, a ceremony smothered in royal red carpet and dignitaries celebrating the completion of the second component in a three-block project that will become the jewel in the new downtown. The third element, the transformation of the 67-year-old neoclassic Vancouver courthouse into the Vancouver Art Gallery, is scheduled for a September, 1981, opening depending on government and private fund-raising.

The new Law Courts building is designed to replace the old bulging courthouse and contain 26 courtrooms and offices for 62 judges. It is built in a series of bleacher-like steps of fern-hung galleries under a shimmer of glass. The structure will house its occupants in 67,000 square feet, almost five times the floor space of the former courthouse. The glass roof consists of

882 panes of laminated glass weighing 690 pounds each. Judges, spectators and pressmen will have separate entrances and corridors and, in keeping with the Glass, there will be no bars—only sheets of etched-back plastic. An urban garden effect is achieved by light filtered through water flowing over opaque skylights. The project is highlighted by the Erickson landscape signature dangle of a huge mound of earth studded with plants. Project chair-



Erickson of Law Courts building "great stimulus to downtown Vancouver"

man Gordon Shrum, who was the building overseer for the UBC museum and Bonsor Fraser, calls it "the first effort to make Vancouver a beautiful city."

As ever with Erickson the Law Courts and the three-block project are not without controversy. It was envisioned in 1968 by the Social Credit government of W.A.C. Bennett as a 55-story slab of skyscraper, but the now scrapped plan in 1972 to add a

chance of "Oh Happy Day" in The Vancouver Sun. Instead the now-commissioned Erickson came up with a more humane alternative. Initial cost estimates on the revised project were in the range of \$60 million. Shrum, who was appointed to oversee the project in May, 1978, says that it was "incredible [but] in the beginning [the project] had so over-all budget." Inevitably costs rose, adding to Erickson's reputation in some quarters as the Francis Coppola of Canadian architecture.

For his part Erickson claims that building costs will come in at less than \$100 million and that other ancillary costs incurred by the old skyscraper have been tacked onto the final costs. He answers critics' charges that his buildings are too extravagant by saying he is "an iconoclast and sometimes iconoclasts threaten the preservers." It is an attitude that does not solve the jealousy of competitors but does garner international respect. Philip Johnson, grand old man of American architecture, has called Erickson "by far the greatest architect in Canada and maybe the greatest on this continent."

Dressed in a summer suit, violet-tinted Carrera aviator glasses and loosely knotted tie, Arthur Erickson sits in his box-white Vancouver office. Secretaries periodically darken the doorway with messages but avoid the chaos Erickson's attention never leaves a steamer. His charm is inimitable. He denies the charge that his buildings are monuments, then says, "but even so, monuments are the most important things that can happen." He speaks of courage in architecture, despairing that bureaucrats and politicians are making North America of great buildings. But neither is he blind to the irony that governments have permitted him to do his best work. "Arthur's great talent made his strength of design," says former partner Geoffrey Maury, with whom he amicably split in 1972, "his ability to convince clients that his designs can be built."

But in these meagre times business has been disastrous for Canadian architects and Arthur Erickson architects has been no exception. In 1978 he was forced to slash staff in his Toronto and Vancouver offices to 68 from 100. Franklin also complains that BC's Social

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*Erickson last month received the prestigious Prince of Wales Award at Windsor, given the Architectural Association of Great Britain.



Credit government has blacklisted him because Erickson lost his bid to score NOR campaign literature in 1975. At any rate, there are no new Erickson government commissions in his own province, but crystal-line designs for Toronto's Massey Hall is his major project in Eastern Canada. As a result as much as 60 per cent of his work is now done in the lands of the new dreamers, the Middle East.

The same egalitarian streak that led to the NOR endorsement and in 1971 to his call for the eventual abdication of land on the one hand, while designing \$580,000 houses for the stylishly rich on the other, has led critics to accuse him of being a purist radical. Erickson is hardly that, but he is opinionated. He disagreed, for example, the decision to award the 1976 Olympics architectural contract to Frenchman Roger Taubert rather than a Canadian. When Prime Minister Joe Clark persisted in bringing to move the Canadian embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem and jeopardized a \$4-million Erickson design project in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, and another to design the new town of Fintas in Kuwait, he was furious and flew to Ottawa to confer with External Affairs Minister Pierre Macdonald. "It was an absolutely outrageous move," he says, his long, youthful-looking face reddened in several icy-covered ruminations. Outraged, he stresses, not just for Erickson Architects but because it jeopardizes Canada's unique credibility with the developing countries, a credibility Canadian entrepreneurs desperately need.

But it is while talking about architecture that Erickson's deep ambivalence voice softens and he speaks passionately in phrases such as "let's feel how it looks." He describes his work as "instinctual," his talent as "visual." It is this fine estheticism that marks the Erickson style. Born in Vancouver, he wanted to be a painter, before the Second World War and served in an intelligence unit in Malaysia, Indonesia. Entering architecture at McGill in 1946, he was invited to apprentice with Frank Lloyd Wright after graduation, instead he chose to accept a travelling scholarship that solidified his love for classical architecture by allowing him to spend time in Florence before returning to Vancouver to set up practice with Geoffrey Massey. His pace always frantic, increased incrementally until today he often has a shocking information that, "since 2003, I haven't spent more than 30 days in one place." Indeed, on many occasions after the long creative design phase with his staff ("I try to bring a broader world view to the design"), he is

Aerial view of Law Courts (above), Epitaph residence in West Vancouver (left). Let's feel how it looks.

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often scurrying, suit bag in hand to catch his next date. ("It's the only place I can work," he says.) The pace of the Edwardsian (er)ish drives his young, informal staff to distraction and leads project manager Strum to muse "He is a great designer but I don't think he has enough interest in the working out of his own designs to be a great architect."

When he does stay home his days are full. He maintains a small fenced house in Vancouver and rents a ranch house in Turasoo's Roundside. An aesthete, he sports a bulging classical record collection and "is absolutely the best dancer

UBC Museum of Anthropology (below), Canadian pavilion at Osaka, shows shifting perspectives, visual surprises



I've ever known," says Vancouver journalist and longtime friend Mary McAlpine. A gracious host and gourmet, his parties may feature at any one time exquisite food, a hole (a Japanese rib-ent player and candles set in glass holders in the trees. Although he cherishes old friends, he is at home on a disco dance floor trailing a string of guests. (Just before Margaret Trudeau's recent noisy appearance at a post Vancouver disco, she had been dining with Erickson.) It is the pace at which Erickson appears to thrive. "It's true," ventures Mary McAlpine. "Arthur is a happy man."

Vancouver, whose spectacular setting and edgy architecture have led some to call it "an unrealized Athens," has been masterfully marked by Erickson's vision. From the brooding austere power of the MacMillan Blended building, to the shifting perspectives and visual surprises of UBC's Museum of Anthropology, to the cool freshness of the three-block project, Erickson has begun to remake his home town. With zoning ensuring that the green valley of the Erickson project will not be encroached upon, an elevated observer must agree with Gordon Strum's assessment. "Erickson's project gives the city of Vancouver a heart." ☐



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One day last November the telephone rang for Anthony Stansbury, assistant editor and political columnist of *The Sun*, a mass-attraction British tabloid noted more for its page 2 nudies than its analyses of current events. The caller was Sir James Goldsmith, a colorful entrepreneur with a taste for the gambling tables, who has long been known to curse the archbishops of Fleet Street press baron Stansbury was invited to dinner and the result was an offer he couldn't refuse—to edit a weekly newspaper called *Now*, the first of its kind in British publishing.

Goldsmith's latest gamble hits the newsstands on Sept. 15, backed by a \$4.5-million promotional campaign and sitting at a circulation of 200,000*. It will sell at 30 pence (U.S. 96¢) for a minimum of 136 glossy pages, many in full color, and has already drawn as eager response from advertisers benefit by the disappearance of *The Sunday Times* hot fall and its color supplemented due to a cross-margin growth.

Now in its first five weeks of circulating, *Now* reaped an astonishing \$12 million worth of ads. Goldsmith, 46, whose grocery empire, Cavalier Ltd., is now part of the fast-growing French group Odebrecht Overseas, has already made his mark in European publishing. In 1977, he bought 50-percent interest in the respected but ailing French newspaper *L'Express* (for \$100 million) in which it is said he has sunk \$18 million. Goldsmith has recruited an impressive roster of national talent from the national papers, the *anc*, *Florida's No-*



Social Enquirer and the *New York Post* (since Clive Barnes will report on the Manhattan cultural scene). He has done so by paying what he calls "sterling small" rates—salaries of up to \$55,000 have been mentioned.

Now will have about 70 journalists working exclusively for it, apart from overseas correspondents. It will, says Goldsmith, "go behind the important news, to tell the story in a blend of words and pictures, of what really happened and to explain what it will mean to you." The weekly package promised will cover not only national and international news but theater, entertainment, sports, science, fashion and people.

It has always been assumed that Britain offered no real market for a new-based newspaper given its rich supply of actually distributed newspapers (six Sunday papers and eight dailies even without *The Times* and *The Sunday Times*), plus numerous political and economic weeklies and three national TV networks.

In a chronic state of war with the press, Goldsmith revived Britain's dormant law of criminal libel three years ago in a suit against the national magazine *Private Eye*. The *Eye*, which nicknamed him "Sir James" in account of his grocery connections, launched a "Goldsmith Fighting Fund" to pay its costs. The case was eventually settled. "I have a policy of suing for every insecurity," he once said.

Goldsmith will lead Fleet Street publishing a very different ball game from running *L'Express*—not least in dealings with the militant craft-press printers. He also has the problem of how advertisers will react when—as widely expected—*The Times* papers return later this year.

Fleet Street remains skeptical whether a weekly going to press on Wednesday for Friday distribution will have time to dig behind breaking news in the fashion it intends. Says Goldsmith, "*Now* will use TV and the daily press rather in the same way as filmmakers use trailers for their films—just to whet the appetite." Such comments, coupled with Goldsmith's moves on the general inadequacy of the British press, will make him a ready target if his publication doesn't deliver the goods.

But as a gambler, Goldsmith has always elevated the odds steadily. He is an international champion at backgammon—a game that demands mathematical skill as well as luck. And judging from his track record, "Sir James" does not lack either.

Carol Kennedy

Goldsmith and much cover of 'NOW': more than whitening the sheets

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Dispatches from South Africa



BURGER'S DAUGHTER by Nadine Gordimer
(Penguin Books Canada, \$13.95)

London: Burger is a hero and a Communist. An Afrikaner deity, one of the few in South Africa, he lives for the blessed day when a Marxist-Leninist regime will be established in Pretoria. Burger acts out his beliefs; he not only heals the poor and dispossessed, he also deduces the ideology of his people to the extent of playing father to a small black boy, son of an exiled communist leader. The boy, Bana, and Burger's little daughter share food and affection and a bed. The girl grows up to be a heady, dangerous world where protest is a natural, unbreathing, at the age of 14, suffering severe menstrual pains, she resolutely waits outside a prison to smuggle a message in to her mother, newly "detained." Burger's own son has died; his wife meets a lingering death, when he is tried for treason; his daughter alone remains.

Burger's Daughter is a novel of immense power, immense moral weight, written by a woman who is known herself for trenchant opposition to apartheid. The book has an urgency, a high seriousness that has become exceptional in nations such as Canada where politics is a matter of style and image, not life and death. Burger is convicted and sentenced to a life in prison, where he dies, still a hero. "Incredible the way he just went on with his job, inside the

distance, she can strip away the past. But 'to know and not to act is not to know.' In London for a few weeks, she meets the last bedtime of her childhood, no longer "Bana" but Zwelima. Zwelima is a cutting, sarcastic, unforgiving. "Listen, there are dozens of our fathers sick and dying like dogs, kicked out of the hospital when they can't work anymore. Getting old and dying in prison. Killed in prison. It's nothing. I know plenty blacks like Burger. It's nothing, it's us, we must be used to it, it's not going to show on English television." Someone, at last, thinks nothing of her father, and her vision of blissful exile shrinks to a charade. Bana can never escape commitment; she is Burger's daughter, and more.

Nadine Gordimer's vision of South Africa is bleak, hard, and utterly convincing. Simply as an account of lives in her country during the past 30 years, *Burger's Daughter* is invaluable—more acute and far-reaching than the dispatches of a hundred visiting journalists or political commentators. "No one knows where the end of suffering will begin," Gordimer writes near the end. Knowledge, she implies, while liberalism is a collapsing folly. Yet the novel never sinks to the level of a political treatise, because our attention is continuously fixed on Bana. Her struggles for an identity beyond the bonds of family, her love, her self-awareness, such things go beyond politics.



Gordimer, where politics is life and death, not just focus on the TV screen.

... The wardens used to come to him with their whips and pains, they preferred him to the prison doctors. Fantastic man, fantastic. The death begins to act his daughter free.

She is Bana, small and good-looking, a physiotherapist by trade, though here on in every other way her life has been circumscribed by her father's. "What I wanted was to take a law degree, but there was no point too ardently that my father's daughter, I should be allowed to practice law, so I had to do something else instead, anything."

She lives with her father's comrades, she sleeps with a skeptical drifter, she takes a distant job with a financier—all under surveillance. Her life is never defined by what she herself has done. As long as she lives in South Africa, Bana is Burger's daughter, believed by police and Communists alike to be merely hiding her time, merely seeking a fresh channel for subversion. Bana has been raised in the faith surrounded by daily tyranny, how can she neglect the cause? Yet even the best cause can enslave.

She manages to get a passport, she flies off and lives in Europe. For 90 pages the novel meanders through Marxist Gallant territory, among rich, decaying expatriates in southern France. Bana falls in love with a Parisian teacher, blessed with time, love and

Forty years from now, this novel may still be read for its rich, subtle portrait of a woman, that sort of relevance never fades. Nowhere is it more to be a child of the great, nowhere is it more to face death. And yet, above all, Burger's Daughter bears witness. Bitter though it is to admit, literature often survives most tenaciously in conditions of political oppression, the writers of the U.S.S.R. and Latin America march any at work today in English. Nadine Gordimer, still a resident of Johannesburg, has the gravity of a Solzhenitsyn. As she said in the introduction to her *Selected Stories*, "a writer is 'betrayed' by his subject—his subject being the consciousness of his own era. How he deals with this, to me, the fundament of commitment." In Burger's Daughter she has captured a lively, poisoned era, with passion and without illusion.

Mark Abley

Blyth's spirit

DARWIN AND THE MYSTERIOUS MR. X
by Loren Eiseley
(Clarke, Irwin, \$10.95)

It is well established that the theory of natural selection had precursors, but according to the late Loren Eiseley not only was the stage set for Darwin, many of the lines had already been written by naturalist Edward Blyth, "one of the forgotten giants" of Darwinism. Eiseley writes that "the leading tenets of Darwin's work—the struggle for existence, variation, natural selection and sexual selection—were all fully expressed in Blyth's paper

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of 1925," 20 years before Darwin's masterpiece. Origin of Species was published. Further, Huxley offers evidence that although Darwin did not acknowledge it, he knew of Hylth's paper. (Scholars today are debating that evidence.)

Huxley had to be borned before Darwin's theory became thinkable. For example, until Sir Charles Lyell convinced the scientific world that the earth was very much older than had been believed, species were thought to have been around for too short a time to have evolved. Huxley was one of the foremost commentators on the history and meaning of Darwinism, and in this book and others he points out just what pre-conditions for the great revolution. But Hylth's contribution was different. Before Darwin's insight, Hylth had discerned its central features: even slight variations may be hereditary, the more apt, stronger, better organized animals are more likely to survive to pass these characteristics on. But Hylth fell short of the master, maintaining that natural selection in the wild mainly weeds out variations—the mutant red frog in the one most likely to be noticed by a predator—and not in the safety of the species.

Why didn't Darwin give credit where due? In a prosaically comparative with Coleridge, part of the dream world of the unconscious, Huxley rejects the idea that Darwin only unconsciously absorbed Hylth's thought, and wisely leaves the matter a mystery. Darwin was a complex man, and although all the elements of the Darwinian scheme of nature were known before Darwin, Huxley shows why it took a genius to give them their form.

The book includes Hylth's original article, enlightening sketches of Lyell and Alfred Russel Wallace (who independently and simultaneously arrived at the theory now called Darwin's) and a moving final essay on the meaning of man's debt to his origins. Being posthumously edited, it lacks the unity Huxley himself might have provided, and seems a bit peddled. But, as the editor, Kenneth Huxley, writes in a preface, "Huxley was incapable of writing a dull or inelegant sentence." David Weinberger

What happens to little girls

THE BASMENT MEDITATIONS ON A
HUMAN EXHIBITION
By Kate Millett
(Masson \$14.95)

Nine years ago Susan Sontag shot Kate Millett to star status in the women's movement. Millett blazed pathfinder, the foundation—as she saw it—of Western cul-

ture, focusing on works of 18th- and 19th-century literature, dancing on. Since then her books, such as the libertine manifesto *Fanny Hill*, have gone in directions other than seduction, but have failed to touch the past cut of Susan Sontag. Her latest, *The Basement Meditations on a Human Exhibition*, is perhaps most curious of all: a feminist personal, almost confessional interpretation of evil, with women as the victims. In 1965 the starved and marbled body of 16-year-old Sylvia Likins was found in the Indianapolis, Indiana, tenement house where she and her

younger sister boarded. For weeks, the girl had been locked, scalded and cut, the words "I am a prostitute and proud of it" had been etched into her abdomen. She had been confined to the filthy basement and refused adequate food and water or the use of the toilet. Gertrude Bernheim, the 37-year-old woman who was paid \$30 a week to look after the two sisters, was indicted for murder. Three of her two-year-old children and two neighborhood boys were also charged. It's a soul-chilling story—one of those unspeakable acts that shakes from time to time through the plunged-

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Millet: a controversial interpretation of sex with women on the side

up pillow of divided society. After 14 years of brooding on Sylvia Likens' death, Millet declares himself ready to explain the evil behind it. A noble but ultimately futile effort, and remains rooted in a ballet of reason.

The Bastard is a strange mixture. Millet's obsessive musings, the mystery of trial transcripts, and the dialogue she has focused up for many and others. But what the book lacks in real intelligence and eloquence, it makes up in severity and dead-on. Millet clearly identifies with the young victim: "...I was Sylvia Likens. She was me. She was 14. I had lost. She was the terror at the back of the case, the one who 'happens' in girls." Yet she also tries to portray the hidden logic of Bannerman's behavior: the older woman is a victim herself, physically and psychically abused by men, poverty and religious rigidity. One of the few intensely empathetic moments comes early in the book when Millet suggests that Bannerman's trial for murder is a release from the deprivation of her past; at last there's a respectable wardrobe to wear to court each day and the polite attentions of gentlemen lawyers, a far cry from the Bannermans' house and 30 people sharing a single spoon.

Millet between Sylvia Likens and because of her one, because of Gertrude Bannerman's need to break the flesh body and spirit she envied. For Bannerman's collaborators, the torture seems to have begun as neighborhood theatrics. Though Millet insists "they killed her for sex" and regarding familiar women of sustained sensuality, her view of victimization seems remarkably uncharismatically simple. Questions such as why they did it and why did she let them do it just won't go away.

Despite persistent, provocative re-

ments, particularly when Millet comments on the trial transcripts, *The Bastard* suffers from overdone rhetoric, heavy with the excesses of language inherent in the victim theme. Large chunks of *The Bastard* are pure fiction—Millet's attempts to create the characters of Sylvia and Gertrude through dialogue and interior monologue. But characterisation in the novel's art, not Millet's. Her Sylvia and Gertrude, though vocal, never really breathe.

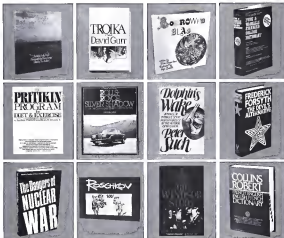
But to discover that Kate Millet is not another Charlotte Brontë is less distressing than to feel the photographic edge that runs through the fiction. As we drag through the mire of Likens' torture, a maddening, thrilling suspense taken hold. Suddenly, terribly, we realize that Millet's very descriptions have turned Likens into a sex object in a pornographic play and we are the captive audience. It is an obscene and smothering effect, and yet it comes closest to the book in explaining how a hideous corpse like this can happen. When Millet looked at what happened to Sylvia Likens, she saw evil, and *The Bastard* will make you want to look the other way. **Cassandra Bookman**

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its revolutionary mythology consists of speeches from the dock made by condemned Irish patriots. Thomas Flanagan, a 56-year-old American of Irish descent, understands this, and he has chosen the inscription of 1795 as the subject of his massive, ambitious first novel.

Inspired by the French Revolution, Irish patriot Wolfe Tone persuaded the Directory in Paris to support a rising in Ireland. A French fleet of 43 ships was threatened by storms ("the Protestant winds") in 1796. Two years later the French dispatched three ships and 1,500

men under General Jean-Jacques Humbert. They landed at Killybegs Bay in County Mayo, on the wild, desolate northwest coast of Ireland. A number of small towns fell to the French, who had recruited a rabble of Irish peasants armed mostly with pikes. But there was no general uprising (earlier that year rebellions in Ardferry and Wexford had been bloodily suppressed); reinforcements promised by the French did not arrive. As always, victory went to the English. Lord Cornwallis, appointed Viceroy of Ireland after he had distinguished himself by losing the American

colos, closed in with a superior force. The French were allowed to surrender, but the Irish rebels were given no quarter: they were slaughtered like pigs. Others were rounded up in the weeks that followed and the gibbets crisscrossed with their grisly loads of hanged rebels coated with tar.

A vivid historical account of the insurrection has already been written by Thomas Flanagan, in *The Year of Liberty: 1801*. Flanagan, claiming a novelist's licence, attempts nothing less than a re-creation of 18th-century Ireland, with its "small Protestant world of property" and the "enlightenment Pagan world of want." The result is a work of scholarship and imagination, but Flanagan is ultimately outcoasted by his own deliberate diversions. Much of the narrative is stitched together from late journals, diaries, memoirs, memoirs and reminiscences. Women is a synthetic 18th-century idiom, they are shot through with modern dialogue and are utterly unconvincing. Flanagan piles detail upon detail until characters and events are buried under a mountain of words.

"It is the stuff of epic," says one of the players in this sad Irish drama, and indeed Flanagan has tried to write a sort of Ulsterman War and Peace. But he is no Tolstoy, and Ireland is not Russia, it is "the ragged edge of Europe. Mist, bog, rocky fields." *The Mayo rising* was no more than a bloody footnote in Ireland's tragic history.

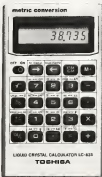
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Lifestyles

The VTR: servant or thief?

Who stole David Duck? On December 10, a federal court judge in Los Angeles will soon hand down a decision in one of the most perplexing copyright tangles of modern times.

Walt Disney Productions and Universal Pictures, a subsidiary of MCA (MCA's Corporation of America), are suing the Sony Corporation, the huge Japanese electronics manufacturer of the Betamax videotape recorder (VTR). They allege that the very existence of this device in the marketplace represents a standing incitement for TV viewers to tape their movie and TV productions from the home screen, and so breach their copyright. At stake is the fate of a multibillion-dollar industry.

By the end of 1979, more than one million Americans will own home VTR units. Canadian figures are harder to come by, but a reasonable estimate would be 100,000. Not all of these units are made by Sony, or enjoy the Sony Beta system. Since the home VTR boom began in 1975, the rival and incompatible VHS system, marketed by RCA, has overtaken the Beta. But a decision in favor of the movie industry would shut down the entire industry. Existing units would not be recalled, but no new ones could be produced.

The case has already dragged on for 2½ years and will be appealed whatever

the decision. But according to Florida lawyer Jim Lewis, who was subpoenaed to testify in the case, "the indications are that the studios will lose."

Lewis was called upon to testify not as a lawyer but as his spare-time capacity as editor of a magazine called *The Videophile*. Aimed at hard-core VTR enthusiasts, *The Videophile* has grown along with the industry, from a four-page newsletter to a glossy-covered 104-page magazine, complete with classified ads in which video buffs offer to exchange tapes of, say, Sgt. Bilko for *My Mother the Car*. Although such exchanges are advertised purely as a non-profit basis, the studios contend that taping *My Mother the Car* amounts to stealing it.

Why, though, would anyone want to steal *My Mother the Car*? Lewis says his readers are basically collectors and "these machines have made it possible to collect things it was not possible to collect before." Lewis's own library of 300 tapes (mainly toward TV series such as *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*).

Video fandom is also growing in Canada. Ralph Gordon, marketing director for an Ottawa TV appliance store, claims 300 members for his Videophiles at Ottawa group and says similar groups are springing up in every major city. Gordon, who styles himself "Mr. Video," specializes in old movies, particularly James Bond movies. "I'm col-

lecting pictures that I could never have owned otherwise." Fellow collectors speculate in everything from *Frankie* movies to the old *The Avengers* TV series with Diana Rigg.

Collectors, though, are probably a minority of VTR owners. Perhaps the main selling point of these devices has been the so-called "time-shifting" capacity, a built-in timing device that allows the viewer to record TV shows in his absence, in the same way an oven can be timed to start making a roast. Shift workers, for example, can catch up on big sporting events. But the ultimate convenience is the ability to record one show while watching something else on the same TV set. Thus, owning a VTR from viewers from the tyranny of network programming. A useful time-saver, but expensive: retail list prices range from \$1,200 upward, and blank tape sells for about \$25 for a four-hour cassette.

So far VTRs have had the home entertainment front sewn up. But even if they survive the legal challenge, they may face an even stiffer test in the face of the new videodisc systems (MCA's, Jan. 29, 1979). Currently being tap-marketed in the U.S., the machines will sell at about \$750. Discs containing complete pre-recorded movies will sell at \$25. The complete price for a pre-recorded movie on videodisc is between \$60 and \$120.

Interestingly enough, MCA—the same



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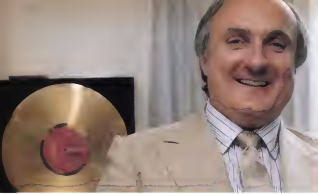
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Music

Flying with trumpets and strings

By Lawrence O'Toole

Time was—in the Ottawa-Hull area, home of the very civil service and meticulously maintained lawns—when a tale of two cities was a simple, confusing description. Hull and Doll (or pencil pushers there were pitiful rewards—sing all day and jog all evening. An alternative to jacking (or throwing yourself in the Rideau Canal) is a day spent in the hyperactive trough called the National Arts Centre Orchestra. Guided along for the past 50 years by the baton of Mario Bernardi, it's as polished and brilliant as any of its kind and a musical marvel. Bernardi, the boy from Kirkland Lake, Ontario, has turned 46 other musicians into a single premiere instrument capable of making Mozart as musical as he should be and Haydn the ball of a good listen he is. The odds were 100 to 1 against it ever happening.

Mario's best all-around musician in the country," says Franz Krenn, head of music for the Canada Council and former music director of Toronto Arts Productions. "The orchestra is the most useful thing musically that has ever been done in Canada." Never says to

indulge in false modesty, the soft-spoken and silver-haired Bernardi, who mildly resembles a troll, is the first to trumpet his own achievements. "I will immediately say that mine is the best orchestra that has ever been formed here," he says, borne out, incidentally, by reviews from home and abroad. And as artistic director of Festival Ottawa, a month-long summer series of opera and chamber music (see *Weekend's*, July 16, 1990), he has eluded panegrics from even the most intransigent of critics, such as *The New Yorker's* Andrew Porter. On Sept. 15 he will take this year's seasonally successful production of Massenet's *Cruchon*, starring U.S. mezzo-soprano Frederica von Stade, to Washington and on Oct. 18 the orchestra will play at New York's Carnegie Hall.

Having inched himself up the scale of success as a pianist, vocal coach and fledgling conductor in Canada during the '60s, Bernardi became music director of the Sadler's Wells Opera (now the English National Opera) in 1966. He was 35. When he returned home he was approached to build an orchestra from scratch for the NAC, which in 1969 was the newly minted home of Canadian culture. One catch was that he was far-

bidden to lure musicians away from other orchestras around the country; the other was that there just wasn't enough money for a full-sized symphony. It is a town where skepticism is as necessary as oxygen, many made manifest their doubts. One co-ambassador in Ottawa actually laughed in Bernardi's face at the *fait de grandeur* of it all. The scoffing laughter was a kind of oja or. While studying for an exam at the Venice Conservatory of Music, he found himself locked in a soundproof room until a junior happened along, let him out, and announced with unwarranted glee, "It's all over. You're too young to pass the examination anyway." Officialdom was intrigued, a making exam granted, and with a mark of 100 per cent Mario Bernardi became the youngest pupil ever to graduate in his subjects from the Venice Conservatory. Not much has been heard from either the junior or the co-ambassador since.

Bernardi, for all his palins in building an orchestra from nothing, is still regarded by many as a real-life Sh. Even Kramer admits, "He's a difficult man, but mainly because he's a perfectionist. He is a cold orchestra, so controlled and so tasteful. His conducting is

Bernardi, jeweler of the past-life NAC Orchestra. He sat to the grandeur

careful and Victorian. What makes him interesting as a personality is that he takes tempo under the control." The NAC conductor does, in fact, often fill into the category of conductor-conductor, such as Tchaikovsky, whose players were seldom asked to read flowers after he got through with them. Superficially, the maestro is there, the maestro perfectionist, the law precise and the regard for music as a near-religious activity in which a wobbly note is a profanity.

Teasing in stereotypes, however, is the mental equivalent of a lay eye. Bernardi, a violinist with the orchestra since its inception (what, amazingly, the average age of the players was 26, says that Bernardi's demands aren't unfair. "And the music really loves music. I've seen him on the podium in tears. God knows, though, he can show—and pretty viciously too." Concertmaster Walter Prystowski calls him "a very, very difficult taskmaster. He has an enormous respect for excellence, almost a devotion to it, and he works harder at his job than anyone else." Bernardi has to work harder if one of the players forgets a note is as recognizable as so small an or-

chestra. Despite his maestro's image, the rate of turnover in the orchestra is small.

Bernardi talks about his changes as though they were profusions banished. "We did [Mozart's] *Don Giovanni* three years ago and this festival season would you believe 65 per cent of the orchestra considered the tempo?" Because he's the boss of the band, he feels compelled to set an example. He gets up at 7:30. He has "no lunch—ever." He spends all day with his ear to the ground, sometimes all evening as well. "I have this constant fear—and I've never told this to anyone before. It's a fear that I won't know the pace of music I'm supposed to conduct at the first rehearsal. I couldn't bear that if it happened." To stave off the humiliation, perhaps remembering the storm of the junior and the co-ambassador, he reassures all scores and claims to have never been upstaged. "Which is more than I can say for some of my colleagues," he adds. "The day of such concert is exhilarating. It's as if you turned a spring into its tension was just perfect—and then comes the release. On a day when you don't want to conduct, it's the most glorious, subtle feeling." Like most musicians he's driven by obsession powered by a fierce pride in himself.

The most difficult score he has ever

encountered was Schoenberg's *Transfigured Night* with its relentlessly complex string configurations, a score that gives most string players the uneasy feeling they have joined the circus to do high-wire acts. Bernardi has been accused of giving short shrift to modern music built on the 12-tone scale. "I'm still not a 12-tone man," he confesses. "I'd rather be criticized for having a full hall." He points to the Vancouver Symphony's subscription series—the largest in the world—and its penchant for programming the more popular pieces. He has also ruffled the feathers of the more painstakingly placed birds in the business by taking on the burden of Festival Ottawa in addition to the music direction of the centre. Some feel there's a conflict of interest there, claiming that his job as NAC music director subtracts from the energy he could apply to the festival, that both roles wear him down. (Bernardi took a sabbatical last year—rise for a conductor.) With his customary lugubriousness, Bernardi retorts, "There's really nobody else here knowledgeable in the opera business, so I'm it."

Berni Haskin, he lives up to it as the music in Canadian law books. When he first arrived at Sadler's Wells, the London Observer called him "A Verdi conductor in a thousand." Goodwin



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Bernardi (right) and piano-teacher Bruno Fassat, Padua, 1854; not a 12-tone man

star Frederico von Stade, whose 60th anniversary of Italian arrival is being released this month with the SAC Orchestra playing and Bernardi conducting, sings his praises to the high C's. "He's the most scrupulous musician. He understands singers and lives them. A conductor can kill you with the wrong tempo. The voice is like a tiny ball on top of a fountain of water. With Marco you never have to worry."

Will Bernardi remain with the SAC Orchestra? Bernardi says yes, but Kraemer, for whom he worked as an opera coach in the '60s and who has followed the conductor's career with warm paternal fondness, is somewhat skeptical of the SAC tenure. "I think he has a big problem with regard to his career. He has to choose limits what he can do. He can't do things like the big, leading soprano of the heavy-metal composers such as Bruckner and Wagner. He's hungry to do bigger things," Bernardi, on the other hand, claims to be content with his guest conducting elsewhere;

beard, as of yet there have been no offers strong enough to lure him away. (Most Canadian musicians would agree that if he does leave, the SAC Orchestra would be the largest, most destructive organ around.)

Marie Bernardi didn't finish high school, but speaks five languages. He married a mezzo, Motta Kelly, and they have six kids. He's a crossword puzzle fanatic. He relaxes in his own swimming pool and has just learned to swim. In the mid-'50s he used to fly as a hobby, until it became too expensive, in terms of both time and money. "Now I'm so aware of the job I'm doing that I always have to keep a cool head. There are times on the podium when I want to stop conducting and just walk in the sand. That's like getting lost in the clouds, too. But I'm a pilot in a different sense these days and I always have to look at the instrument panel."

When Bernardi was flying for a hobby he once had a "fantastic sense of freedom in flying." It's one of life's little ironies that one great love kills the other. It's one of life's little comforts that some people learn to live with it. ☐

For the record

FEAR OF MUSIC
Talking Heads

(Nonesuch)
The three albums by Talking Heads rank among the most brilliant pop music ever recorded. Like the last, this was co-produced by the band and Steve Siro but is even more disconcerting than the first two. Few writers in any field can match David Byrne's economy of tone. (It's hard to imagine that nothing at all could be so exciting.) Few singers can match his pen. (Where is that protection that I need?!) Few bands display such musical integrity.

IN STYLE
David Johnston
(J&R)

There's not an ounce of waste on the second solo album by this former New York Doll, even though the richly textured arrangements don't stretch Spectorish proportions. Johnston sounds something like Mick Jagger but with more growl and freshness. *Swampy Woman*, one of four written with fellow Doll, Sylvain Sylvain, adds disco and portrays the kind of female dignity Helen Reddy has never come close to suggesting.

SLOW TRAIN COMING
Bob Dylan
(Columbia)

It has always been true that when it comes to preaching, Dylan is about the Christianest of all rock cats on the new

album injects his sense of equanimity with a new rigor, and together are there traces of the intolerance that can make recent converts so lightning. Instead, with help from Dave Sholin, guitarist Mark Knopfler (that is, an achievement) in duet, Dylan can conceive a darkness when men will beg God



to let them (And they won't be able to die—and never sound better). The album is so powerful and moving there is no need at all to quibble over his choice of metaphor.

TOUCHÉ
Touché
(MCA/Orion)

There were enough funky traces of Bobbie (Geezy on Lilian Saxton's solo album released last year) to make you hope for her progress. But pining up with two other studio singers from Western Canada (Nancy Nash and Rosalind Kimmie) to sing suggestive disco is no way to fulfill promise. The

voices on *Take a Look But Don't Touch* are strong enough to make it stand out, and Touché thumps up the standard, *Dancing in the Dark*, to great effect.

ROCKY ADAM
Rocky Newman
(J&R)

Newman's attack on unliking modernism follows a more secular strategy than Dylan's but, except for some ambivalent affects, finds nothing new here. The crucial difference is useful: he is noticeably purifier and larger than the best Newman describes the humor is black and the compassion goes without saying. Unfortunately, as it seems with any album where humor is important, you don't feel his being more than a few knots. It's a problem Newman is taking a long time to solve.

NEIGHOUT
Burr Pole
(J&R)

Doing a cover of a song made famous by Tim Yuro, "the little girl with the big voice" of the early '60s is not a job that any singer should take lightly. Foley, who sang with Meat Loaf on *Out of Hell*, has a big enough voice to meet the responsibility of what is a better day, as well as tough numbers by The Rolling Stones, Graham Parker and Ian Hunter. It's regrettable that the production sometimes sounds like a screen door trying to imitate a wall of sound and doesn't give you much chance to appreciate qualities of Foley's voice other than its size.

David Livingstone

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Reel politics—the banners are unfurled

It was tough and go for a while at the opening of the third annual Montreal World Film Festival (Aug. 30 to Sept. 5), as to whether the better show was inside Place Des Arts' mainstage or out in the lobby where about 40 banner-carrying demonstrators—many of them workers in Quebec's ailing hamagrown film industry—protested against the \$700,000 spent to finance Canada's only competitive festival. But then the police moved in to move out the demonstrators and their banners—one of which referred to festival organizer Serge Louche as the Colonel Sanders of film.



Jury members look at everything but protesters' banner. Loxious (left) with Mayor Dripkau "very good for the cinema!"

is the first balcony roared, "Bring back the banners."

Another rocky beginning for the festival that last year struggled on despite an air Canada strike. But it's a tribute to London, founder of the event, as director of Montreal's Conservatory of Cinematographic Arts, that the festival in these short years has gained an impressive international reputation. This year there are 50 feature films entered (31 of those in official competition) from all over the world. The jury itself is well balanced and distinguished, including Maudsley Baskin, director *Totipot* and Quebec playwright Genie in Colombia representing Canada, Giovanni Rossetti (Forbushes Games) and Bernhard Wink (The Bridges for France and Greenaway and American cinema).

[illegible]

One thing that most film buffs will avoid is "Le manège," perhaps the biggest drawing card for international participants. Attracting several thousand industry types—producers, distributors, exhibitors—from some 60 countries, the Complice Denjardins marketplace is the home of the deal, hosting its own private screening theatre.

With funding for the festival coming from every level of government, Lonsdale attributes the festival's growing success to his determined avoidance of what he calls politics. "There's no way anyone could run this festival on a political basis," Lonsdale claims, "but I've allowed him to put the three levels of government working together for the first time without fighting." In the highly competitive world of film festivals, however, Lonsdale shoulders his political stance. The fact that Toronto's festival is the only one in North America to have a Mayor's Award for Best Canadian Feature Film, Masterson's clearly criticizes him but he refuses to dignify the Toronto festival with calling it a competitor. "The only comparison we make is to Cannes," Lonsdale smiles. "The Toronto festival is good for a local audience—in Toronto they need something, but that's not why we're here. We're here to do what no other festival in North America."

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Will Aiken

Films

The offence de-fanged: barbs without the bite



1.1. THE SCENARIO

Directed by Terry Jones

Depending on which side of the stock market you're on, the highly exaggerated and outrageously abnormal is either funny or offensive. A movie that parallels the life of Jesus with a schizoid from Nazareth called Brian (Crispin Chapman) and that of the Virgin Mary with Brian's crone-named mother Mandy (Terry Jones) is bound to send people into rages of laughter or wrath or grief? Well, you'd think it would. The surprise of Mary Pythian's life of Brian is its lack of both wit and offense. Why is this movie made for?

On TV, Mo'Nasty Python lounge takes apart everything it touches and the tale turns into a demolition derby—a free-for-all where nothing is sacred. It works because the barbs are sharp, merciless, and quick. But when the same raucous style tries to satirize itself, as in *Mo'Nasty Python* and the *Holy Grail* and *Life of Brian*, it falls apart. *Mo'Nasty Python* moves here casually become drier and the *Chaos Theory* sketch is a disaster because it has no pretensions to being anything other than it is. *Mo'Nasty Python* says, "We're going to be irreverent," then keeps knocking you over the head with it.

Example Before the Sermon on the Mount the titles say Jesus at 25. **Ser** **Monday Afternoon.** That's funny. But when a third title adds, **About Ten** **Time,** it's not so funny anymore. The joke has been pushed too far and the original life is it strained. **Plains,** as played by Michael Palin, has a speech

impelling, he proclaims: *Before we're young! After the 30th or so time this issue is fresh.* But there are moments of inspiration that leave you helpless with laughter: women wearing false beards and trying to lower their voices at a storming because only men can steer biplanes to death; an neopole who's miffed because a parasite has taken over his livelihood as a beggar; a life song about Brian done in James Bond-Shirley Raye fashion, certainly cracking up much time. Pilate mentions his friend's name—Buggs! Delus.

Yet this is never really Islam at all the way you want it to be an easy target, the New Testament can take a more anarchical jarring. The idea of an incompetent terrorist group, which Bin Laden, tried to drive the Bananas out of Juba, is an overstatement in all kinds of insult and adjective, as is the crowd who thinks that Bin Laden is the true Messiah and won't leave him alone. The Murky Python here doesn't expect these come ideas, it merely stretches them out. Lots of Bin Laden isn't nearly vicious enough, just high-school punkrock stuff gone over-the-top.

The Rabbinical Alliance of America and its confederates have claimed that the movie is "grossly insulting." Well, it is—for reasons of banality rather than blasphemy. Jesus or Jehovah may actually be laughing their heads off at all these blunt burbs. Why does Monty Python debase itself for the masses?

Lawrence O'Toole

Brief Encounters

Apocalypse Now. Festschrift Coppola's inquiry into the nature of evil and morality by way of the Vietnam War stretches the medium to the breaking point. Arguably the greatest movie ever made.

The Wreckers. Not really a gang movie, Phil Kaufman's volatile episode story of a Bronx gang is actually about the conflict in art and the beginning of brotherhood. The line is 1963 Kennedy asked Dylan to sing in a coffeehouse. The great affecting scored track helps the movie reach far so the end.

Breaking Away Small-scale look at four teenage thugs from a cottage town in Indiana. They're unemployed and class-conscious and wondering what to do with their lives. Warm, breezy, and it gives you a lift.

Le Cops aux Folies Two middle-aged lovers, one a performing transvestite, the other the club owner, try to save face by masquerading as proper parents. Michel Serrault as the transvestite is convincingly funny. **B-** **OT.**

LOT.

Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes in pursuit of the elusive 'least weasel'

By Allen Fotheringham

In a world taken to the level of fictional romances, it is indeed difficult to find true adventure. A poor journalist, attempting to circumvent Ex-Christians Bureau by basing his own private brain transplant on holidays this summer in British Columbia, joins at a society desperate for exotic thrills. There is the eternal habit of writers, who retire from as far as Australia race across 20,000 miles of the rough Strait of Georgia from Vancouver Island to the north-



man British Army team was to probe the legend of Headless Valley where, said his pamphlet, "strange myths of giant men and lost tribes emanate from the few cragmen who have braved the hostile mountains and the vicious rapids of the gorges." Ah, adventure.

See Ranulph, you must understand, has the medals. He can trace his ancestry to Charlemagne. Grandfather of The Lord. Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, 41, for 30 years in 1906. Lieutenant-Colonel of the Oxfordshire Hussars, parliamentary

member. Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, a white summer. None of his adventures, it turned out, had even crossed the Atlantic. He inspired by phrase whether there was a railway between Edmonton and Vancouver. The Mahants River, which he aimed to conquer by rubber raft, turned out to be in full flood at his planned date and in a panic rearranged spending his summer object to live off the land. Operation Pend-jump West was to bring a final blaze of glory to his regiment, the Royal Scots Greys (they led the charge at Waterloo), due to disappear in a military reallocation. To fit in with the face, Lady Virginia Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, a slim, blonde, 35-year-old bride, arrived alone in a elderly British Army scout bearing right-hand drive.

Headless Valley, which supposedly had claimed the lives of 15 prospectors, four of whose bodies were found with their heads taken from them, is the oldest staple in Canadian journalism. Pierre Berton made his leap into national prominence with a book story from there 20 years ago. The "Vicious Rapids" of the Mahants have been conquered by schoolchildren, American tourists and Pierre Trudeau.

Sir Ranulph accepted he had been convinced by the British Museum to capture the elusive and rare "least weasel." One was quickly offered—frozen in the fridge of a Vancouver zoo keeper. His men nearly returned because of the degraded army ration and two of his soldiers hoped their way out of the service to stay in B.C. In the end, he had more civilians—BBC types and photographers—with him than soldiers. To track their way through the wilds of B.C., it turned out, Ran's Ravens didn't even have an axe—they brought skin-drawers' knives. When the intrepid explorer finally made Vancouver, he left all the bushes with a third and he fell out on his butt—before all of 200 people. The only wild goose hunt in three months was one small rabbit which had to be divided into eight portions. It's hard, these days, to be brave.

secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, governor of the Seychelles Islands (1938-42) and the Leeward Isles (1951-56), served in the Redoubt (Canada), with clasp, in Egypt (Gaza), in the Pioneer expedition to Mashanah, wherever that is. You couldn't make it up.

Daddy? Lieutenant-Colonel, Royal Scots Greys, AOC to the Governor-General of Canada (1938-39). The present Sir Ranulph, it should be explained, was properly outstaged when Twentieth-Century-Sos descended on Castle Combe, the prettiest village in England, and attempted to alter its appearance to conform with the requirements of the film Doctor Zhivago (when the town was known as Poddington-in-the-Marsh). On a surprise night raid, Sir Ranulph dashed various film types in the village pond and was found 14 shillings and six pence for "public mischief." He is, you see, a Professional Brit.

Sir Ranulph's intrepid journey into Headless Valley in the Northwest Ter-

ritory is the first of his adventures. The first and last of it. Where is our British place? The type, for example, that will be rewarded once again this week when a tropical expedition leaves Greenwich, England, to circumnavigate the world by way of the North and South Poles. It will take three years. Leader of the expedition is Captain Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes. Ah, yes, Sir Ranulph, third Baronet of Bursley. Educated at Eton, Sandhurst, Sandhurst, Sandhurst, near Sandhurst, Sandhurst. The Sir Ranulph who a decade ago travelled 4,000 miles up the Nile by hovercraft. And later led a parachute jump in a Norway glacier. Ed Edey. Know him well? Too well, as it happens. It was Sir Ranulph, you see, who solidified the myths between the Brits and the Colonies some 20 years ago by leading a frontier expedition into the Nelson, Biddy, wilds of Canada for this edition of the site and noted English newspaper readers. Sir Ranulph's first-



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